

# THE ANGLO

# AMERICAN.

A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS.

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE } 4 Barclay-St.  
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1846.

VOL. 7. No. 4.

## THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.]

The coffin descends, with white blossoms strewn over,

By the hand of a father absorbed in his woes;

Take them, O earth! Lo! now dost thou cover  
Maiden and rose.

Give them not back to this world of deep anguish,

World full of mourning from birth to life's close;

The wind tears and scatters, the hot sun makes languish  
Maiden and rose.

Thou sleepest!—thou, gathered so early!—nor fearest

The heat of the day in thy deep calm repose;

Both finished their course when life's morning was nearest—  
Maiden and rose.

O'er the fresh heaped-up turf the lone father is bending,

Pale as the dead. Where thy sturdy root grows,

Old oak, Time has mowed down, in death at once blending  
Maiden and rose.

## NOTHING AT ALL!

When statesmen, involved in a cloud of fine words,

Look large through the mist, how we stare and admire!

But feathers *alone* do not constitute birds,

And promising statesmen all fruitless expire:

Compared with its coatings, an almond is small,

But *their* inner substance is—nothing at all!

When self-titled patriots hoarsely hold forth,

Till law seems oppression, and government, crime;

The lips against office o'erflowing with wrath,

The heart crying, "Wanted, a place!" all the time;

Their love for dear country, however they may bawl,

May safely be rated at—nothing at all!

When certain philanthropists, feigning a flame,

Look hot with humanity, melting in sighs,

You shall hear them talk volumes in Charity's name,

But, touch not their *purses*,—or philanthropy dies!

Such love for one's fellows we know what to call—

The sum of that matter is—nothing at all!

When fair-weather friends, *succubuses*, looking like men,

Take flight with your summer—for such is their creed,—

Forget, or neglect you, or, with a half spin,

Revolve on their heels at your least hint of need—

You well may exclaim, with some risings of gall,

"Such *vol-au-vent* friendship is—nothing at all!"

Yet statesmen, philanthropists, patriots, friends,

Are *sometimes* not shadows, but best of true bloods:

They do in odd places spring up for good ends,

And even a palace not always excludes.

To searching for such let us steadily fall,

And never, when found, deem *them*—nothing at all!

## ANIMAL HUMANITY.

It is extremely curious to observe in animals ways and doings like those of human beings. It is a department of natural history which has never been honoured with any systematic study: perhaps it is thought too trifling for grave philosophers. I must profess, however, that I feel there is some value in the inquiry, as tending to give us sympathies with the lower animals, and to dispose us to treat them more kindly than we generally do.

The sports of animals are peculiarly affecting. They come home to our social feelings; and the idea is the more touching, when we regard the poor beasts as perhaps enjoying themselves when on the very brink of suffering death for our enjoyment.

It is reported by all who have the charge of flocks, that the lambs resemble children very much in their sports. In the mellowed glow of a June evening, while the ewes are quietly resting in preparation for their night's sleep, the lambs gather together at a little distance, perhaps in the neighbourhood of a broomy knoll, and there begin a set of pranksome frolics of their own, dancing fantastically about, or butting, as in jest, against each other. The whole affair is a regular game of romps, such as a merry group of human youngsters will occasionally be allowed to enjoy just before going to bed. It is highly amusing to witness it, and to trace the resemblance it bears to human doings: which is sometimes carried so far, that a single mamma will be seen looking on close by, apparently rather happy at the idea of the young folk being so merry, but anxious also that they should not behave too roughly; otherwise, she must certainly interfere.

Monkeys have similar habits. In the countries of the Eastern Peninsula and Archipelago, where they abound, the matrons are often observed, in the cool of the evening, sitting in a circle round their little ones, which amuse themselves with various gambols. The merriment of the young, as they jump over each others' heads, make mimic fights, and wrestle in sport, is most ludicrously contrasted with the gravity of their seniors, which might be presumed as delighting in the fun, but far too staid and wise to let it appear. There is a regard, however, to discipline; and whenever any foolish babe behaves decidedly ill,

the mamma will be seen to jump into the throng, seize the offender by the tail, and administer exactly that extreme kind of chastisement which has so long been in vogue among human parents and human teachers.

That there is merriment—genuine human-like merriment—in many of the lower animals, no one can doubt who has ever watched the gambols of the kid, the lamb, the kitten, or of dogs, which

Scour away in lang excursion,

And worry other in diversion.

But there is something to be observed in these sports still more human-like than mere sport. The principle of 'make-believe,' or jest as opposed to earnest, can be discerned in many of their merry-makings. A friend of mine one day observed a kitten amusing itself by running along past its mother, and giving her a little pat on the cheek every time it passed. This must have been done as a little practical joke. It may be added that the cat stood it for some time tranquilly; but at last, appearing to get irritated by the iteration of such absurd procedure, she gave her offspring a blow on the side of the head, that sent the little creature spinning to the other side of the room. The kitten looked extremely surprised at this act of mamma, as considering it very ungracious of her not to take the joke in the way it was meant. The same gentleman has observed similar fun going on in a department of the animal kingdom certainly far below the point where we would have expected it; namely, among spiders. He has seen a little spider capering about its parent, running up to it, and then away again, so as to leave no doubt upon his mind that the creature was making merry. Ants, too, have their sports. They pat each others' cheeks, wrestle and tumble, and ride on each others' backs, like a set of schoolboys.

The kindly social acts of animals, among themselves and towards mankind, form the next series of phenomena to which I would direct attention. Burns justly eulogises, as a high virtue, the being disposed to hold our being on the terms, 'Each aids the others.' It is the grand distinction of human society, to interpose for the comfort and protection of each other in needful cases. Many families of the lower animals are indifferent on such points; but others are not. It is not yet many months since some workmen, engaged in repairing the cathedral of Glasgow, observed an unusual concourse of sparrows coming regularly to a hole in one of the slanting walls, and there making a great ado, as if feeding some birds within. Curiously being at length excited, the men proceeded to examine the place, and found that a mother bird, after the flight of her brood had got her leg entangled in some of the threads composing her nest, so that she was kept a prisoner. The leg was visibly swollen by the chafing produced by her efforts to escape. In this distressing situation the poor bird had been consoled with and fed by her fellows, exactly as a human being might have been in similar circumstances.

Not long before that time, in the pleasure-grounds of Rannoch Lodge in Perthshire, a little held-bird was observed by the gamekeeper to wound itself by flying against one of the so-called invisible fences; whereupon a companion, not stated to have been a mate, came and sat beside it, as it were sighing and sobbing, careless whether he himself was caught—which was easily done by the spectator of the scene. He took home the two birds, and had them carefully attended to, till the wounded bird had a little recovered; he then set them both at liberty; and, to pursue the narrative of a local newspaper, 'nothing could have been more touching than the affectionate solicitude with which the one watched the progress of the other—now lending it a wing, and again cheering it while it rested, until both were at length lost to view of the kind-hearted gamekeeper.'

Instances like these could be multiplied indefinitely. They are the daily habits of some creatures. The dugong, a whale-like animal, but herbivorous, has the social feeling so strong, that, when one is harpooned, the others flock around regardless of their own danger, and endeavour to wrench out the weapon with their teeth. In what is this different from a soldier shielding a comrade, or endeavouring to rescue him from dying of his wounds on the field of battle? Of the many anecdotes told respecting rational-looking proceedings of animals for the benefit of each other, I shall adopt one related by Monk Lewis in one of his letters. 'About ten days ago [writing in Jamaica], one of the farm-keepers wives was going homewards through the wood, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped, and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated, without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time the woman was induced to follow it, till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood quietly by, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together.'

The same measures have often been adopted by dogs on account of a master who has fallen into any kind of trouble. Leaving him, they run home, scratch at the door, and, on gaining admittance, pull the skirts of wife or servant, to induce her to come to the spot for his relief. The horse, too, sometimes shows this species of sagacious kindness. Not three months before the time when this paper was written, the horse of a man called Graham, belonging to the Stainmore collieries, came home in the evening without him. According to a local chronicler, the animal 'proceeded direct to the house-door, and commenced neighing, and seemed greatly distressed. Being a docile, playful animal, Graham's family did not at first take much notice of its complaints, not thinking but that Graham himself was not far distant; he, however, not arriving in a short time, and the horse still continuing its wailings, they became a little alarmed, and a person was therefore despatched on the road in search of him. He



was found lying on the road near Coupland Beck, a distance of two miles from Appleby, with his head severely cut, and in an insensible state. The evening was extremely cold, and a pinching frost having set in, he would doubtless have perished had he lain much longer. It appeared that the poor man had fallen asleep, and in that state tumbled from his cart.

The sense of duty is another of the human-like characteristics of animals, and one of those best known. A dog will take a trust, and fulfil it as well as a man. A very affecting instance was presented about two years ago by a female dog belonging to a shepherd near Dunning in Perthshire. The man had bought for his master, at Falkirk, four score of sheep, which he immediately despatched homewards, under the care of his dog alone, though the flock had to go seventeen miles through a populous country. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two farther; then, allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her young ones, and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the poor animal on the road. It is painful to add, that she did not succeed in bringing her offspring alive to her master's house. As a pendant to this tale, take one relating to a Newfoundland dog, which lived a few years ago with a family in one of the southern states of the American Union, and which had rescued one of its master's daughters from drowning. The family had to proceed in a schooner for the city of St. Augustine; they had embarked, and the vessel was swinging off from the pier, when the dog was missed. To quote a newspaper narrative:—'They whistled and called, but no dog appeared; the captain became restive, swore he would wait no longer, gave the order, and the craft swept along the waters with a spanking breeze, and was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore. The girl and her father were standing at the stern of the vessel, looking back upon the city, which they had probably left for ever, when suddenly Towser was seen running down to the edge of the wharf with something in his mouth. With a glass, they discovered that it was his master's pocket-handkerchief, which had been dropped somewhere upon the road down to the vessel and which he now recollected, with some compunctions of conscience, he had sent his shaggy servant back to look after. The dog looked piteously around the bystanders, then at the retreating vessel, and leapt boldly into the water. His master immediately pointed out the noble animal to the captain, and requested him to throw his vessel into the wind, until the dog could near them. He also offered a large sum if he would drop his boat, and pick him up; told him of the manner in which he had preserved the life of his daughter; and again offered him the price of a passage if he would save the faithful creature. The girl joined her intreaties to those of her father's, and implored that her early friend might be rescued. But the captain was a savage; he was deaf to every appeal of humanity; kept obstinately on his course; and the better animal of the two followed the vessel until, his strength exhausted, and his generous heart chilled by despair, he sank among the more merciful billows.'

The high degree in which animals are susceptible of attachment, needs little illustration; for every one knows the dog and horse. One is, however, less struck by the general fact, that these animals, and some others, devote themselves to a kindly and servile association with man, than by the particular friendships which certain animals form with individuals of our species, as if from some peculiar, though inscrutable election of qualities, or it may be merely from accidental contact. We can even, in some instances, see this attended by a demonstration of an *aud lang syne* feeling, such as usually attends the rencontres of human friends long separated. For example—A few years ago, a sailor, entering a show of wild beasts at Plymouth, was surprised to find a tiger very agitated at his approach, acting always with the greater violence the nearer he came to its cage. The keeper, to whom he pointed out the circumstance, remarked that the beast must either be greatly pleased, or as much annoyed. Upon this the sailor went close up to the den, and, after a few minutes, during which the animal lashed its sides with its tail, and uttered the most frightful bellowings, he discovered that it was a tiger which had been brought home to England a few years before under his especial care. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appears the tiger was, in thus recognising his old friend; and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den, for the purpose, as he said, of 'shaking a fist' with the beautiful animal, he was suffered so to do: the iron door was opened, and in jumped Jack, to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the poor animal appeared almost insupportable. Was not this the very same sentiment which makes us sing, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' But animals of much lower grade will strike up friendships with men. There is an anecdote of a goose which became unaccountably attached to a farmer in Ireland, inasmuch that it raised a joke at his expense. One day it followed him to a court, which he was attending upon public duty, and so irritated was he, that he twisted his whip about its neck, and swung it round till he thought it dead. Some time after, when he was lying dangerously ill, he was horror-struck to observe the same goose looking in at his window. His daughter told him it had waited there, with an air of the greatest concern, during the whole time of his illness. Of course there was no standing this disinterested attachment, and the poor goose was instantly admitted into favour.

This predilection of animals for particular persons was once the means of deciding, very amusingly, a case before a court of justice. It was a Dublin police-officer, and the object of dispute was a pet parrot, which had been stolen from a Mr. Davis, and sold to a Mr. Moore. The plaintiff, taking the bird upon his finger, said, 'Come, old boy, give me a kiss,' which the parrot instantly did. A youth, in the defendant's interest, remarked that this proved nothing, as the parrot would kiss anybody. 'You had better not try,' remarked the plaintiff. Nevertheless the young man asked the parrot to kiss him. Poll, Judas-like, advanced as if to give the required salute, but seized the youth's lip, and made him roar with pain. This fact, and the parrot's obeying the plaintiff in several other requisitions, caused it to be instantly ordered into the possession of its original master.

Human foibles, too, are participated by animals. The dog, I grieve to say, is capable of both envy and jealousy. A gentleman, calling one day upon Dr. Gall, at Paris, found that most original observer of nature in the midst of birds, cats, and dogs, which were his pets. 'Do you think,' said he, turning his eyes to two beautiful dogs at his feet, which were endeavouring to gain his attention—'do you think that these little pets possess pride and vanity like man?' 'Yes,' said the other, 'I have remarked their vanity frequently.' 'We will call both feelings into action,' said he. He then caressed the whelp, and took it into his

arms. 'Mark that mother's offended pride,' said he, as he walked quietly across the chamber to her mat. 'Do you think she will come if I call her?' 'Oh yes,' answered his friend. 'Not at all.' He made the attempt; but she heeded not the hand she had so earnestly endeavoured to lick but an instant before. 'She will not speak to me to-day,' said Dr. Gall. Not long ago, it was stated in a Plymouth newspaper that two dogs, a setter and a little spaniel, being kept in the same kennel, the larger animal manifested a great jealousy of the smaller. At length the little dog was missing, and the setter was found to have taken ill. The latter dying very quickly, was opened, when the little dog was found almost entire in its stomach.

Revenge is not a conspicuous animal passion. The incapacity of deep impression is perhaps a preventive to it. But it is not quite unknown. James Hogg tells a story of a dog which was much annoyed by the persecutions of a larger animal of his own species, till one day he brought a still more powerful friend, which set upon, and gave the persecutor such a worrying, as served to deter him from his cruelty in future. Mr. Thomson, in his *Note-Book of a Naturalist*, relates a similar circumstance as occurring some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. 'In the park are two large pieces of water, divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question, a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swains; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water, and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day on the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot, and destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have had a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were, to a great extent, defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantage, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water.'

An anecdote was lately given in a newspaper, which would show animals to be even capable of a sense of equity; but perhaps there is some exaggeration about it. A gentleman, visiting a menagerie at Penrith, found there a fine lioness with two cubs. While he was observing her, the keeper handed in a sheep's head to the cubs, which instantly began to quarrel over it, as if each desired exclusive possession of the prize. In the midst of the turmoil the lioness rose and advanced, and with two well-directed cuffs, sent them cowering into the corners of the den. She then lay down, and deliberately divided the spoil into two equal parts, assigned one to each of her young ones; after which, without taking a morsel to herself, she retired, and lay quietly down again. If the fact was exactly as thus related, it certainly forms one of the most curious illustrations of animal humanity which we have on record.

But, it might be asked what class of ordinary human actions is not imitated by animals? A gentleman comes home late at night, and uses the knocker to gain admission: a cat belonging to a friend of ours used to do the same. A weary pedestrian rejoices to get a cast in a passing omnibus: in the *Magazine of Natural History* (1833), is an anecdote of a dog which, being in like circumstances, came into such a vehicle on one of the London thoroughfares, and could not be induced to come out, till he voluntarily left it at a place which seemed to be his home. An innkeeper's son will take a drive for half a stage in one of his father's coaches, and come back in another: this also did Ralph, a famous raven of the Elephant and Castle public-house: he knew all the coach-drivers who plied at that inn, and would take short jaunts on the coach-top with them, till he met some other coach coming the contrary way, when he would change coaches, and return. To pass to something very different:—The persecuted Covenanters, when met for worship in the lonely glen of Ayrshire, used to plant a sentinel to watch the approach of the dragoons. This also do the red deer in the Highlands. The youngest of the herd is set to watch, while the rest browse; and if he leave his post, they butt him till he shows he is corrected. Men make hay—with and without the favour of sunshine—knowing it is needed for winter store. The marmot of the Altaic mountains makes hay also, to serve as winter fodder. He piles it in stacks as high as a man, and the selection of herbs for the purpose is far beyond what human haymakers can pretend to. 'If at first you don't succeed,' says the moralist, 'try, try, try again.' The spider did this nine times in the sight of the fugitive Bruce, and taught him to regain a kingdom. So also has the lion been seen, after failing in a leap at his prey, to go back to try it over again, though the prey was gone, as anxious to investigate the cause of failure, and to train himself up to the proper pitch of power for a future occasion. To emigrate for better subsistence and climate has been a practice of the human family since its earliest ages. It is now fully admitted that the migrations of animals are prompted by precisely the same motives. And as men, in the infancy of navigation, crept along the shore, or navigated from headland to headland, or, in crossing, chose the narrow passes, and those which were assisted by intervening islands, so birds of passage adopt all these facilities. Those which move from Scotland to Ireland, proceed by the straits of Portpatrick. They wait for a side wind, too, to aid them. So also Capri is used as a resting-place in crossing the Mediterranean; as the bishop knows by the tithe of quails, which is said to form an important part of his revenue. In what, moreover, does the return of continental tourists in winter, each to his particular brick dwelling in London, differ from the resumption of particular residences by the swallows in spring? The absence of title-deeds and rent makes the only distinction. There is even some inscrutable means of communicating ideas amongst animals. The deer, in the anecdote already given, must have had a talk about the swans. Even creatures of different families, as cows and horses, have been ascertained to interchange their thoughts.

There is a disposition amongst us to deny all that assimilates animals to ourselves, as if there were something derogatory in it. Miserable pride and delusion, to suppose there can be any good in battling off one of God's facts! When I hear of men endeavouring to extinguish the idea of animal intellectuality and sentiment, by calling it instinct, I am always reminded of the weak creatures of the desert, which get their heads into a bush, and then think that they cannot be seen. What imaginable benefit can there be in any such falsity? Rather let us acknowledge the beautiful and ingenious qualities of animals, as they actually are, seeing in them the hand of a divine author, and something which even we ourselves may occasionally imitate with advantage.

#### THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

Amidst the great events which in the early part of the nineteenth century convulsed Europe to her centre, shaking her kingdoms even to the extreme East, the general eye was fixed upon the foremost actors only. In that terrible struggle, in which the opposing principles were, on the one side, desire for



"bouleversement" of established government, out of which might be gathered universal empire, and, on the other, determination to defend the ancient order of things and the security of possession, the great military Generals of the day concentrated upon themselves, almost exclusively, the public gaze. They played the foremost part upon the stage, and seemed to hold in their hands the destinies the present, and, to some extent also, those of the future.

Courts and Cabinets were half forgotten, whilst speculation, hope, and fear were gathered upon the field; and it might well be so, for the resolutions of the Council were powerless, except as carried into efficacy by the success of the General.

At that time, so intent was the anxiety wrought into focus by passing events, that few men found leisure to stretch their thoughts forward to consider what might be the phase that Europe would present at a period one, two, or three decades of years, then future.

But, unseen and unthought of, some great men were under preparation behind the stage, who were to be its master-spirits at a later day. Then a Bourbon, wandering the world in exile, was gathering in those moral qualities and that great strength which should fit him, by heaven's discipline, for the arduous and glorious office of ruling that splendid but restive nation, whom, perhaps, no common man will henceforward know how to rule. Then, hidden in the obscurity which envelopes the Princes of the Russian Court, and held under the close restraint customary with them, a younger son, and younger brother, presenting few prominent features to the eye of a common observer, and calling upon himself no special attention, was preparing that mighty mind, whose commanding powers and vigorous energies, exercised as they have been under the dominance of virtue, have for the fourth of a century past so felicitously directed eastern Europe, preserved there a wholesome check to the revolutionary tendencies of her south and west, and aided in keeping the general balance of power upon the entire Continent.

No eyes were then upon Nicholas. He, a third son, seemed little likely ever to ascend the throne. He was suffered to pass a happy and untroubled youth in the joys of domestic life, under the wise and watchful surveillance of a superior and great-souled mother, whose discretion placed around him well chosen and capable tutors and governors. But had he been the son eldest born, instead of the third, public attention had been little more gathered round him; for in the land of his nativity, that is concentrated upon the Sovereign and not upon the heir-apparent. The reigning Tzar receives the nation's undivided homage; the youthful expectant of sovereignty lives in modest obscurity, and in the quiet preparation of discipleship till the day when the dispensation of heaven calls upon him to fill the weighty duties of Autocrat to that extended empire.

Surely happy and wise is the discipline by which Russia forbids to her Princes to declare their political opinions, and by which she would deter their early formation. Opinions formed in the first morning of life cannot be based upon extended judgment, knowledge or experience, but are usually characterized by the heat and rashness of temperament natural to that period of existence, and adopted in accordance with the influences of others—influences scarce then extended beyond those of the nursery, the studio, or the saloon.

Or should her Princes reach the full years of mature or advanced manhood before they be called to wield the sceptre, still wise and happy is the discipline which has taught them the long, hard lesson of self control, so needful to the arbiter of others' fate, which has saved them, on accession to the throne, from finding themselves trammelled by the yoke of party, and committed to some ready-sketches line of policy or course of administration—sketched perhaps in theoretic dreams, but to be acted out amid the awful and responsible realities of power and office.

Paul confided entirely to the Empress the education of their children, and Nicholas was quietly reared in the bosom of the Court, under the eye of an excellent and sensible mother. The severer portion of his training was such as to prepare him for life in an important but undistinguished sphere, should he realize the lot which then seemed probable; or for empire, should the succession, to which he was at that time distant, eventually fall upon him. His mother carefully inspired him with those domestic tastes which have ensured his subsequent private happiness, and have often sustained his spirit and blessed the hours of his retirement in his splendid and toilsome career.

His opening life, retired though it was, was not monotonous or unamused. The Empress took care that weariness should not creep within the palace walls; she provided for the full occupation of her children's recreative hours. Nicholas, with his younger brother Michael, showed early preference for amusements of a military character, in which he was gratified. Chivalric tastes were formed in him, and he imbibed the love of honour, glory and justice; these were strengthened, and his mind was generally enlarged by several journeys which he made into England, Holland, Germany, and France.

But his most eventful visit was that to the Prussian Court. Before he had attained the age of twenty-one, he had won all hearts at Berlin. The impression which he there produced was indeed generally strong; but it sank deepest into the heart of the eldest daughter of the King, then hardly nineteen years of age. She, a lovely girl, full of simplicity, grace, and goodness, excited the admiration of the young Grand-Duke. His enthusiastic affection was at once fixed upon her; love—that rare and magic thing—shot from heart to heart between them, instantaneous, but not fleeting.

Love is no begotten sentiment; it is a *creation*, yet continued upon earth by the Deity. Without father, without descent, the pure and living essence speaks its origin.

The Imperial House of Russia sought the alliance for their scion; and the Prussian king, gladly gave his daughter to a union which promised to secure for her a dignity suited to her royal birth, together with sure domestic bliss, that less frequent portion of the daughter of a king.

True, deep, intimate, ecstatic love, blessed for once the nuptials of a court, and it has proved enduring love. The Empress has ever exercised an influence equally powerful and virtuous over her imperial partner; she has stimulated his noblest deeds, and blest his quiet retiring hours; heroism has been in her spirit when danger was to be met, and mercy on her lips when judgment was to be recorded; good and beneficent deeds have marked her path, and her words have distilled wise counsels. She has seconded him in their task of rearing their children in piety and virtue, and to fill well the exalted station of their birth. Comprehending her duties and her position, she has known how to make him happy who bestowed upon her his love. Whilst their Court has been surrounded by the most beautiful and fascinating women of Europe, he has ever remained faithful and tender to his imperial spouse. The bond lay deeper than in her external loveliness; they were tied together by a bond of spirit.

The conclusion of the marriage first drew the eyes of Europe upon the Grand-Duke: a treaty between two powerful Courts has language for politicians.

But far from political life, lived the united pair; the most beautiful pair in Europe, and perhaps amongst the happiest. It is, for a Russian prince, doubly happy, when he finds domestic joys; for denied to mingle in affairs of state, and not permitted to appear with prominence in public, his dependence for enjoyment is still more than that of another man upon his private bliss. The Empress Mother well knew this, and she sought to inspire her sons with tastes, and to obtain for them pleasures, which could thrive apart from ambition.

Nicholas and his young bride were surrounded by a brilliant circle; politics were indeed distanced, but the play of intellect was there; the vigour of thought and genius were developed around their table, and the gay sprightliness of youth flashed amid kindred attractions.

Soon the husband became the father, and none have better known the joys of paternity than he. From the hour when his infant first-born was presented to him, up to the passing one, he has delighted in his children; they have formed to him a source of unspeakable and constant joy, saddened never, till death laid his hand upon the young and lovely Alexandrine, the first, and as yet, the only breach made in that happy circle. Whilst the children were young, the august parent might be surprized at times, stretched upon the carpet sharing with them their infant gambols; during their youth he has given personal and anxious solicitude to the subject of their training, often himself instilling lessons of piety and wisdom, by the few striking words dropped at the season when the young spirit was open to receive them; and now that the years are come, when most of them have reached maturity, he finds in them his companions his friends, his solace, his reward.

It was not till two years before the death of his elder brother, the reigning Emperor Alexander, that it was authoritatively given out from the Court, that Nicholas, should he be the survivor, was to be regarded as heir to the throne; Constantine, the second son of Paul having come to the determination to refuse the sovereignty to which his priority of birth gave him claim. For this transmission of his rights to his next brother, Constantine had his own strong reasons, the cogency of which brought his mother, the Empress Dowager, to lend her entire approval to the resolution. The compact in the imperial family had long been formed; but on the demise of Alexander, Nicholas, with that noble integrity which has ever marked him, awaited a second and formal act of abdication from his brother, before he would permit himself to be proclaimed.

The act was gone through with the formalities. Things were not, however, to pass smoothly; a conspiracy, which had been kept profoundly secret, had long been brewing. Its true object seems to have been to transfer the sovereign power from an emperor to a clique of nobles; those namely, concerned in the plot.

The conspirators did not fail to embrace so favourable a moment for their design, and to make their advantage of the name of Constantine, by affecting to suppose that his abdication was forced, and by spreading that belief amongst their deluded followers. These nobles, with that portion of the army which they had gained, drew out their strength for action on the Great Isaac Plain, before the very windows of the palace. As Nicholas, with his lovely young wife, drew towards one of them, his ears were met by cries of 'down with the usurper,' mingled with the acclamations of those troops who were yet faithful. That was a moment of awful surprise; it was his first information of the revolt against his power. That his accession should be so greeted! The arrow entered his soul! but the shock produced no stunning effect; his conduct was truly great. Then first he showed himself as he is; then first his commanding qualities were brought out to view. A feeble man had been crushed; he rose on the occasion, and by his conduct then, he gained an ascendancy over his people—a moral ascendancy—which he has preserved throughout his entire reign.

Having seen from the palace windows the demonstration of the course that things were taking, he for one moment descended with the Empress to the chapel of the palace, there standing with her upon the steps of the altar, he renewed to her his vows of fidelity and love, and commended her to heaven should he fall; he committed his cause to God, and vowed to defend his sovereignty with his blood, if so it must be; to resign his right, his call to reign, only with his parting breath: and if the day were his, to rule his empire in the fear of God and on the principles of justice; then hastened to present himself to the rebels, to win or quell them, or die in the attempt.

At this moment of extreme danger, whilst he was yet uninformed concerning the strength of the conspirators, the extent of their plot, or the portion of the army which they had gained—in that awful moment, when the alternative of victory was instant death and the probable extermination of his family—Nicholas presented himself to the rebels, dignified, monarch-like, and composed. No vindictive spirit was discernible about him, no symptoms of fear or wavering.

With manly and imperial bearing he addressed the assembled troops. His words were concise, well-judged, and pointed direct to the soldier's and the subject's heart: they were uttered with the full trumpet-toned sonorous voice for which he is remarkable. His conduct turned the day, and saved the empire; for though a struggle and some hours of bloodshed followed, it was but the desperate expiring effort of the ringleaders of the revolt, who felt that they had forfeited all unless their swords could save them, or who preferred death in conflict to the punishment by law visited on traitors. By that conduct, at the critical hour, the people and the main body of the army were won to their allegiance, a deluge of blood was averted, civil disorder for some score of years was prevented, and a long future of prosperity and tranquillity was secured to Russia. The meanest soldier on the plain could comprehend that the man whom he saw before him was capable of empire: the meanest soldier there saw on the instant his Emperor, and heart and soul at once recognized him as such.

The Grand-Duke Michael showed himself not less heroically courageous than his imperial brother. That lion-hearted prince was to receive for Nicholas, after the quelling of the outbreak, the oath of allegiance which a portion of the army had but now refused to take. He stationed himself in the centre of the troops, who were forced into a square around him; cannon was pointed on the upper side of the plain, and the Commanding Officer had orders, should the soldiery waver, instantly to fire, and sweep them into annihilation. The Grand-Duke, with the few brave nobles round him, must have shared the common fate: destruction was inevitable. It had pleased Heaven, however, to decide the day by inclining the wills of the armed host, and the oath so lately refused was now enthusiastically taken.

Thus was turned a crisis, not engraven alone in the minds of those who acted in it, but in those of the many, whose continued security or whose ruin hung upon its issue. It is engraven also in the memories of those who witnessed it. I here are Englishmen, now in St. Petersburg, who were spectators of the scene, and who, though a fourth of a century has flown since its enactment, yet retain as vivid a picture of the whole as if it had passed but yesterday.

Perhaps too great admiration of the courage, judgment, promptitude, and ability with which Nicholas acted on that occasion, can hardly be yielded. But



for the self-possession and vigour with which he then called them into exercise. Russia had become the scene of a revolution not less bloody in character, not less destructive of established order, than that which had, in the close of the last century, opened the reign of terror in France; possibly yet more mischievous in its effects, since Russia, an uneducated and half-savage land, was still less prepared than France for sudden and radical changes.

It is an affecting circumstance that when Nicholas returned to the palace, to tell of success and security to his Empress, he found her seized with a tremulous movement of the head, caused by a slight attack of a paralytic nature, which had been brought on by terror and distress. This tremulous movement has never since left her, but remains a memento of that eventful day.

Shortly after Nicholas found his empire sure, he gave audience to the foreign ministers, who, had the revolution been effected, would probably have been massacred; for it seems that the mad mob (who had little purpose to stop at the precise point of their leaders' will) had in contemplation the murder of all foreigners in the empire. The Tzar received them with open easy grace; he is gifted by nature with elegant and fascinating manners; his speech to them breathed confidence and good faith, and the impression which he produced was very favourable.

The punishments which followed upon this rebellion were few. Nicholas allowed only most prominent actors to be forced upon his notice with a view to judgment; they were banished, the rest were freely pardoned; and a few young nobles received paternal admonition from their monarch, that "he had not been uninformed of the part which they had taken, but that he charged its chief guilt to older and more designing men, and should hope to find his generosity, in taking no note of their offences not misplaced, but that they would prove the dutiful sons of a loving and paternal monarch."

In order to testify that no vindictive spirit dictated that quantum of punishment which was administered, the families of the banished persons received in most cases consideration and favour. The fable which the Marquis de Custine has told about the wife of the exiled Prince Troubetskoi, is, alas, for its romance entirely false!

Nicholas, seated upon the throne, heartily recognized the principle that Heaven had placed him there, to constitute him the monarch and the father of a mighty empire, and of its multitudinous inhabitants individually. Unceasingly and habitually he has borne out this principle in his government of his native subjects, conscious that the peculiar obligation of his despotic power is to render him the paternal monarch. His people know him in the character of common father: his rule has been truly beneficent.

There are several reasons which combine to promise that a few more detailed remarks upon the character of this great man, and a few anecdotes respecting him, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Much interest has gathered, and yet is gathering, around the vast eastern empire of our continent,—the connecting link which binds us with Asia. Her policy, her church, her strength, her character, her commerce, excite inquiry; and more than is yet known on this subject needs to be developed, for Russia is a country whose real facts have been little brought to light, little investigated, and sometimes misrepresented by prejudiced or superficial observers.

The character of the supreme ruler of a State must always have considerable influence upon the State ruled. This effect is carried to the furthest possible extent in the case of an absolute monarch, because there more than elsewhere, depends upon the reigning sovereign, who, as Autocrat of the empire, is the living, moving energy of her spirit and her deeds, and in some sort also their creator.

Not from our island kingdom alone are thoughts and glances directed to the Monarch of the East. The eyes of all Europe are fixed upon the Tzar of Russia. He is one of the greatest sovereigns of his day. He is great as a monarch because he is great as a man. His majestic station brings out to view his personal qualities: they confer dignity upon his empire, and it reflects back splendour upon him. He governs a nation of the first importance among the Continental Powers, and whose destinies are, perchance, mightier than those of the Babylon or the Rome which have passed away; mightier, too, perchance, than are those of any nation now acting out her history upon the globe. He rules an extent of territory greater than did Augustus or Caesar, and on his breath hangs the weal or woe of millions. It is interesting to look near upon this man of might. Moreover, he has been our own domestic visitor. English enthusiasm has been raised concerning him: he has honoured our nation and our Sovereign by coming amongst ourselves.

In a consideration of the character of Nicholas-Paulovitch, perhaps that feature which most prominently places itself before the attention is his scope of mind. His vision is sufficiently extended to embrace his sphere. He recognizes in their vast extent the grand duties which Heaven has delegated upon him. He is born for empire, raised up for the post which he fills,—save one, perhaps, the most difficult in Europe,—and for the times in which his genius is to play a part.

There is not, probably, at this moment, within the boundaries of Russia, a more able man than the august personage at her head, nor one better suited to steer the helm of affairs. He comprehends his position, his people, and the elements of his power. He knows, also, where lie the shoals which must be shunned. The Russian character,—a character found nowhere else in Europe,—he perfectly comprehends, and can touch and guide its every spring. He wills that equity should prevail in his dominions, that religion and virtue should flourish; that his subjects should prosper; that their happiness should be built on a secure and lasting base; that civilisation should increase amongst them,—and he directs his powerful energies to bring his will into fact. His plans are framed with judgment, and what he purposes has, from the moment that it has grown into determined resolution within his soul, become almost already matter of history.

The secret of his power lies not alone in his great external resources; it resides also within himself. He knows how to act upon the elements around him; and he is always master of himself. His sound judgment and firm determination are directed to the accomplishment of possibilities alone, and those have always the common weal in view. He rules not for himself but for his people; the study of his life is his empire; the labour of his life is its good. He forms that phenomenon upon earth,—an unselfish monarch. Nothing is too vast, nothing too small, for his cares. Assisted by able ministers, he governs with success and vigour almost half Christendom, with some provinces of other empires. Within his dominions are peoples of different tongues, and of habits widely diverse, peoples who, but a century and a half ago, were bitter foes, and who had inherited from a long ancestry mutual contempt and hate. He ascended the throne amid convulsions and discontents; whilst he has been seated there the revolutionary spirit has spread in many States of Europe; yet his reign has been marked by profound internal tranquillity, by the rapid progress of civilisation and improvement, by the advance of arts, science and literature, by the commencement or

completion of several great public works, by the general happiness and prosperity of his subjects, and by their ardent and constantly increasing attachment to his person, and family, and government. All this proclaims the presence, in the sole responsible head of affairs, of a vigorous and comprehensive intellect. But it proclaims more also; it tells of existence in the person of the sovereign of grand moral qualities, which command universal confidence and respect; for intellect could not, how powerful soever it might have been, alone and unstained by these, have produced the entire of such results.

## THE PISTOL DUEL—THE STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

From "Recollections of the Burschenschaft of Germany."

After the observations we have just made upon the German system of duelling as contrasted with our own, it may seem somewhat inconsistent to narrate the following story; but as we could scarcely describe the touching and melancholy scene of the student's funeral without narrating also the circumstances connected with his death, we prefer incurring the semblance of so serious a charge rather than diminish the interest of our narrative, premising, however, as we have already intimated, that the pistol duel is of very very rare occurrence in Germany, taking place, when it does occur, only in cases of real injury, where some insult of a grievous nature has been inflicted; and we do not recollect ever having heard of an instance which happened except the one we are about to relate; it is strictly prohibited both by the university and the civil law, the principals and seconds being liable, according to the circumstances of the case, to the punishments of death or perpetual banishment.

Clara Von Rosenstein was one of the loveliest maidens not only in Heidelberg, but in the whole principality of Baden. Tall, and of matchless symmetry, her graceful figure was just expanding into the bloom of womanhood; her smile was like a sunbeam; her cheek like the delicate hue of the rose; and her soft brown hair waved in glossy curls from a brow bright with intelligence, and fairer than the snow; while her dove-like eyes, of the deepest blue, fringed by long dark lashes, beamed with a gentle light, which, in the days of chivalry, would have sent half the champions of Christendom into the lists to shiver a spear for one single glance. She was one of those rare beings which seem almost too beautiful for the atmosphere of this every-day world; and her beauty was only to be equalled by her sweet and amiable mind. Of course, the students had by far too much good taste not to go half mad for the love of so peerless a damsel; and the gentle Clara had, in fact, turned the heads of half the university. To use the words of Sheridan's beautiful song—

"Friends in all the aged she met,  
And lovers in the young."

Whenever a ball was in prospect the young nobles—aye, even the Crown Prince himself, would go to engage her hand for the dance a month before. If you passed along the Anlage of a summer's night, rising from the old acacia trees which waved beneath her mother's dwelling, the silver strains of the serenade brought by some spellbound lover, would be sure to fall upon the ear. Many a lover had sighed for her in vain; but of all the numerous aspirants to her favour the Count Ernst Von Newenberg was the only one who seemed to have a chance of success. Young, rich, handsome, and fascinating, with some of the oldest blood of Saxony in his veins, Von Newenberg was the idol of his associates, and the picked man of his chore. One of the first swordsmen at the university, his aim at the "yagt" was as unerring as his guard at the duel was true. At the revel his laugh was the merriest, and his song the lightest; while his generous and open temper, and the unaffected simplicity of his manner, made his society courted by all. No one was so frequently the gentle Clara's partner in the dance, or her companion in those mountain rambles which, accompanied by her mother and sisters, were her delight; and at length the world gave it out—and we believe the world for once was in the right—that the flower of the "Odenwald" had become the betrothed of the Count Von Newenberg.

As ill-fate would have it, there was then a student at the university, who, it was said, had also been an aspirant for the smiles of the gentle Clara, and who in person as well as character was widely different from the Count. He was a Saxonian noble; dark and grim in his aspect, fierce and overbearing in temper; in every respect as opposite as possible from his more favoured rival was he who was known by the formidable appellation of the Black Baron. His stormy passions had never brooked control; and when, at last, to his dismay, he learned that the beautiful Clara had blessed another with her heart, from that moment an intense and deadly hatred of Von Newenberg seized possession of his whole being, and he eagerly sought some opportunity of fastening a quarrel upon him; which Ernst, though brave as a lion by nature, yet being of a quiet and an unassuming temper, took every precaution to avoid. Matters had been going on in this way for some time, when it was announced in the papers that a ball would take place in the Museum upon New Year's Eve. No sooner was this fact made public than the Baron, who, we suppose, wished to have one chance more, repaired to Clara's dwelling, and requested her hand for a certain dance; and as it is not the etiquette of the country in such cases for a lady to refuse, the fair Clara yielded a reluctant assent. Unfortunately, however, she made some mistake, and accidentally marked the Baron's name down for the wrong dance upon the little "karte der balle" which in Germany is furnished beforehand to every lady by the master of the ceremonies. The evening arrived, and never did the "beauty of the 'Odenwald'" appear more bewitching; attired in a robe of snowy white, with no ornament save a solitary rose in the silken tresses of her dark hair. Those who saw her that night floating along in the graceful waltz declared that their eyes never lighted upon a more perfect vision of youthful loveliness. She was just about to dance with the count, when the Black Baron appeared with an ominous and scowling brow. "Fraulein," said he, "I think you promised me this dance." "No," replied Clara, showing him her little tablet, "I have your name down for the next. This one I promised to the Count Von Newenberg." The Baron's eyes flashed fire as he rudely replied, "You must certainly be mistaken. You promised me the second 'Schottisch'; this is it, and I cannot let you off." "Well," said Clara, "as the mistake must have been mine, Herr Baron, if the count will be good enough to excuse me until the next dance, I have no objection to dance this with you." "Count Newenberg," replied the Baron, "has no voice in the matter. If you do not dance with me now, you shall dance with no one else to-night." The blood mounted up to the Count's temples at the savage rudeness of this speech; but curbing his indignation, he quietly replied, "The Fraulein dances with me this time, and any such language as you have just used must not be repeated." The poor Fraulein was inconsolable. She entreated Ernst to allow her to withdraw from the dance, but this the Count would by no means permit. Gaily floated the music's voluptuous swell; round went the dance; beneath the loving light of the Fraulein's beautiful eyes, Ernst forgot his passage with the moody Baron; but that night was the last time he ever



pressed the slender waist of the beautiful Clara, and he listened then to the silver tones of that voice whose sound upon earth was never to greet his ear again. Upon arriving at his lodgings, Ernst found one of the Suabian Chöre waiting for him, with a cartel from the baron. He had hoped that the affair was over, but he little knew the fierce and vindictive spirit of his rival.

"Go back," he said, "and tell the Baron, that in this case if any message ought to come at all it should be from me; he made use of language which few others would have brooked, but I forgive him, I do not seek his life."

"Count," replied the Suabian, "the Baron is determined, and he desires me to add, that if you show any disinclination to meet him, he will take the first opportunity of insulting you in public."

"Let him, if he dares," replied Ernst, and the Suabian departed.

The next day, however, a collision took place, unnecessary for us to describe; suffice to say that the baron was so violent and outrageous in his conduct, that a meeting was considered inevitable. The challenged party in such cases has always his choice of weapons, and the Count von Newenberg had to select between the pleasant alternative of the crooked sabre or the pistol; as he knew his opponent was at the very least fully his match with the sabre, and had, besides, the advantages of superior height and strength, he chose the latter, and the Black Baron went nearly mad with rage when he heard of this selection; he stamped about like a maniac, cursed his stars, his second, and every body else.

"I hoped I had him in my power," said he, grinding his teeth—"but this cursed chance will spoil all. Von Newenberg never misses his mark, so that unless I can get the first shot I am a dead man."

The hour was fixed for seven o'clock the following morning; the place was the garden behind the castle, and the count spent the rest of the day among his friends, not daring to trust himself with the sight of his beloved Clara. Morning dawned, the crisp frost sparkled upon the ground, the air was sharp and bracing, every blade of grass and leaf glittered like a diamond in the dew, as Ernst and his friend walked up the avenue of old lime trees which leads to the "Alte Schloss," having reached the garden they found the baron and his party already on the ground—the former was pacing moodily to and fro, with his hat drawn down over his face. After some discussion the seconds decided that they should fight what is called the barrier duel, in which the combatants are posted at a certain distance, and may advance to a given limit, firing during their progress at any time they please, so that, of course, the party who reserves his fire, if he is not hit himself, has the life of his opponent in his hands. The ground was measured, the space within which each might advance, twelve paces, was marked out, and a pistol having been placed in the hands of the combatants, each of them took up his position. "Our anxiety," said my informant, himself an eye-witness, "was now at the highest." The baron appeared in an entire suit of black, his coat buttoned up to his chin, and not a vestige of any other colour to be seen upon which the eye could rest for an aim. While the count, flinging off his cloak, appeared in his ordinary costume, his frock coat flying loosely open, and discovering a light-coloured waist-coat. "Let him have his fair chance," said he, taking a small gold snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket, and handing it to his second, who took the opportunity of advising him, in a whisper, to button his coat. Each party now advanced slowly in the direction of the other, the black baron covering all the while his opponent with his pistol, now and then lowering it so as to secure his aim. While the count advanced with firm and composed step, with his weapon pointed to the ground; suddenly he raised it slightly; the bright barrel glanced for a moment in the sun, his hand was steady, and his aim true—he fired; a thin puff of blue smoke floated to leeward, and the Black Baron's right arm, shattered by a pistol bullet, dropped powerless by his side. "Stand your ground," thundered the baron, with a deep imprecation, as he saw Von Newenberg coming forward as if to assist him. Every one stood aghast—they thought the duel was at an end. The count threw away his pistol, folded his arms, and turned with a quiet smile to his second, "Never mind," said he, "he can't do much harm now." The count however had reckoned without his host, for the grim baron, with a scowl of vindictive malice, taking up the pistol in his left hand, advanced within the nearest limit—the count still retaining his position opposite. At last he raised his weapon—every heart was sick with anxiety—long and steady was his murderous aim—he drew the trigger—and Count Von Newenberg, with one convulsive spring into the air, fell to the earth with a pistol bullet in his heart. The spectators could scarcely believe their senses, but, alas! it was too true, of the brave, the generous, and the high-minded young noble, upon whom the sun rose that morning full of health and hope, all that remained now was a senseless lump of clay. The murderer gazed for one brief moment on his work—then turned to the mountains, and never was the gloomy form of the black Baron seen in Heidelberg again.

It is only to students who have distinguished themselves at the university that the honour of a public funeral by torch-light is ever accorded, and that by special leave of the authorities; and as the mortality among them is very slight, it is a spectacle which rarely occurs, and is not often seen by an Irishman. The sorrow for the death of Von Newenberg was deep and universal—his own intimate companions and the whole of the chöre to which he belonged were inconsolable at his loss; and when the family of the unfortunate young nobleman, having been apprised of the sad event, at length arrived, a day was fixed for conveying his remains, with public honours, to the grave. Every student of the university, and most of the professors, made it a point to attend. The scene was fraught with melancholy interest, and was one which made a deep impression upon us.

At the distance of little more than a mile from the town lies the new burial-place of Heidelberg. It is a quiet spot, embosomed by trees, upon a sunny slope on the mountain's side. We have seldom seen a place in which the spirit, shattered by the disappointments and torn by the storms of this weary world, could find a calmer repose.

Far off—so far that its noise can scarcely reach the ear—roll on the bustle and the toil of life; the plaintive and soothing murmur of the Neckar is heard in the distance, as with a sound like breakers in a dream, it ripples past, sweet and musical enough in fancy's ear to soothe even the still repose of death; wild flowers bloom in rich profusion, and tall trees cast their shadows across the quiet graves;—not these alone, but the rose, the lily, and the violet, planted and tended by careful hands, mark where the loved and the lost ones sleep. A German burial-place is indeed an instructive study, and one which fills the mind with sad but pleasant thoughts. No marble monuments, once rich with carving and decorated by the curious tracery of art, but mouldering and neglected by the hand of time, are there; no emblazoned stone, fresh from the artist's hand, tells in letters of gold the history of the life and the many virtues of the dust which lies beneath it; no rank weeds wave over neglected graves; but a square piece of earth, amid the green turf, smooth as velvet, with a rustic cross and a weeping willow at its head, planted with those sweet flowers, afford a simple

and touching proof that they who sleep beneath are not forgotten, nor even remembered as when, struck by disease, they lay pale and wasted upon the bed of death: but that they are still associated in the minds of the survivors with the fresh and beautiful things of earth, while the bloom of the annual, returning again with the breath of spring, is planted as if to testify that the spirit has quit- ted its tenement of clay for a land where the summer of its life shall never fade. The dull and solemn tone of the funeral-bell comes floating from the old grey tower of the cathedral, as the mournful train which accompanied the departed student to his resting-place draws near. It is preceded by a band of music, and the trumpets fall with a wailing cadence upon the ear. On it comes!—the flaming torches cast a fitful glare through the darkness—now lighting up the faces of the spectators—now falling with an uncertain gleam upon the "Todten bahre," or hearse, which, drawn by six horses clothed in black, with white plumes nodding at their heads, sweeps slowly past. It is a long, long, funeral car without a canopy, upon which the coffin, covered with black cloth trailing in the dust, is laid. It is usually preceded by a company of torch-bearers. Crosswise upon the coffin were laid two 'schlagers,' fastened together with the chöre band and the cap of the young noble, the gay chöre colours of the basket-hilts being closely muffled with black crape. The Senior of the chöre, attired in full dress—a hat, with white plumes, deep white leather gloves, and with his sword trailing behind him on the ground, followed the funeral car. Then comes the whole chöre, drawn up in two lines, marching in single file, each man clad in black, and carrying his drawn sword, with its point turned to the ground. The remainder of the students, marshalled in separate chores, come next, every one carrying in his hand a torch of blazing pine.

"Solemn the sound of their measured tread,  
As silent and slow they followed the dead."

Garlands of flowers are laid on the coffin, and as the procession passes on its way, the wail of the trumpets, the strange costume of the students, the blue steel glancing in the torch-light, formed altogether a spectacle not inferior in interest to anything we had ever seen, though wanting the muffled drum and the well-arranged trappings of martial pomp; it is even a more touching sight than the soldier's funeral. The train reached at last the Friedhof, or churchyard, and the chöre of the departed student, assembling round the open grave, lowered the coffin with cords to its last resting place; each man then threw a handful of earth upon it; a short address was pronounced by the clergyman, eulogising the many virtues of the deceased, setting forth his simple and manly virtues, and deprecating the act by which he met his untimely end. The companions of the chöre then lowered their swords on the ground, and clashed them together twice or thrice, a burst of music rose from the band, and every voice joined in singing the beautiful words of Schiller's song—

#### THE GRAVE.

"Deep yawns the grave to mortals—  
On its brink dark horrors stand;  
A black veil shrouds the portals  
Of that undiscovered land.  
"The nightingale's sweet singing,  
In its breast can never sound  
Nor love, her roses flinging,  
Break through the mossy ground.  
"Nor can the bride forsaken,  
As she wrings her hands in woe,  
Nor the wailing orphans waken  
The dust that sleeps below.  
"But, still, in that place so lonely,  
Can the peace we have sought for come  
And man through its dark gates only,  
Rest in a quiet home.  
"And the heart that with grief is riven,  
Finds ever in that still shore,  
From the storms of life a haven,  
Where its pulses beat no more."

This song concluded, the party then bent their steps homewards, and left him whom they had seen among them but yesterday, in the full flush of youth and happiness, alone with solitude.

When we reached the town, we proceeded to the Museum Platz, or grand "place" of the town, when the whole array was marshalled into a hollow square, the seniors of the respective chores occupying the different corners. The spectacle was now truly magnificent; one vast square of light was formed by the blazing torches which flashed strangely upon the fanciful costume, the white plumes, and gleaming schlagers of the students. The trumpets rang forth in plaintive music—a thousand voices joined in a magnificent chorus—a thousand swords in the pauses of the music clashed together—at a given signal every one flung his torch on high into the air, whirling about through the deep darkness of the night, they looked like so many fiery meteors, each emitting, in its descent, a shower of sparks; crossing each other in the air they all fell together forming in the centre of the square a brilliant pile, which flared for one brief moment, up into a blaze of light, and then suddenly died away, no unfitting emblem of the career of him whose light of life they had so lately seen extinguished. The assembly then dispersed. This sad story, the features of which are doubtless familiar to any one who has happened to be a traveller in Germany within the last two years, will be recognised by many a reader. Two noble families were plunged into the deepest affliction by the mournful event, and in the course of the last summer, at Berlin, a beautiful girl, in whose faded cheek the lines of sorrow were still recent, was pointed out to us as the once celebrated "flower of the Odenwald."

#### CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

##### LORD MORPETH.

Lord Morpeth's position as a public man must be peculiarly gratifying to his personal feelings. His ambition ought to be more than satisfied with the rank he holds as an orator in the House of Commons, while the personal esteem and respect entertained for him by his own party afford to a man of his peculiar temperament a far more agreeable reward than even the admiration which his displays of intellectual ability have elicited. In the hardness engendered by party strife, it is rare to find personal qualities so much regarded in a public man as they are in the case of Lord Morpeth; and still more so where the individual has entered, as the noble lord has done, with keenness, and as much heat as his nature will allow, into almost all of the conflicts of the time. The circumstances attending his retirement some few years ago from public life,



and those which have characterised his return, have contributed still more to invest him with a personal interest. When he was ejected from Yorkshire on the final downfall of the whig party, and when he made that somewhat rash resolution never to re-enter the House of Commons unless as the representative of the same county, few men could have supposed, in the then triumphant state of the Conservative party, that circumstances would have arisen so soon to restore him to the post he had before held, or to take away from the rashness of that vow by accomplishing its fulfilment. That a man evidently so ambitious of distinction as a statesman and an orator, should have voluntarily debarred himself from his greatest enjoyment on what might seem so sentimental a ground, is at the same time in itself a strong proof of some very decided personal character, some qualities of the heart as well as of the mind, distinguishing him from those who prove the difference by their astonishment, or by their depreciation of what might seem such Quixotic conduct. But Lord Morpeth almost stands alone in this privilege of exciting personal regard, while he at the same time secures political esteem. It is a regard felt by those even, who in politics differ most widely from him; who, in fact, were disposed to look at his former coquettings with democracy as involving a most dangerous example. This involuntary blending of the personal with the political character, when accompanied by intellectual claims and not carried to excess, is very agreeable to the English people, who love to see men sincere and in earnest, even if against them, and who cannot be brought to understand that cold abstraction of character by which the man removes himself from the direct agency of human sympathies, living in the intellect and the reason alone, a mere intelligent machine for working out propositions. Statecraft, to their apprehension, is nothing but downright hypocrisy, and no state necessity excuses in their eyes double-faced policy, or tergiversation of principle. A great proportion of Lord Morpeth's popularity with all sections of the Liberal party, is to be traced to his instinctive unflinching honesty of purpose. He might be sometimes personally ridiculous, or oratorically he might absurdly illustrate that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, but he was always morally respectable. Nay, this feature in his character received not long since an almost ludicrous illustration. In a dispute as to a question which could only be decided by personal assertion, Lord Morpeth assumed the affirmative. Upon this all the Liberals cried out, "Oh! then it must be so!" A comparison not very favourable to his colleagues, but mightily so to our assumption as to his peculiarity of character.

Lord Morpeth contrasts favourably with other Whig noblemen in either House of Parliament, in being, to all appearance, wholly free from the pride of rank or class. In the assertion of those views and principles which are popular with the middle and lower classes, he has gone farther than any of his colleagues; and his evident sincerity of disposition compels us to believe that he feels all he utters. He not only entertains popular opinions, but, what is infinitely more captivating with the multitude, he expresses them popularly. There is a frankness, a warmth, a courtesy unaccompanied by insulting condescension, that attaches to him men of all shades of opinion. In this respect the young noble who most resembles him is Lord John Manners. Starting from wholly opposite points in the political arena, their course seems to run together thus far: that they think the time is come for social, more than for political, concession on the part of men of rank and station, to those who, in the singular changes this age has seen, have secured to themselves so much of the real power of the country.

As a politician, Lord Morpeth has already run nearly to the full length of the tether allowed by the principles of his party; as an orator, he is still in process of development. The Lord Morpeth returned to parliament in 1846 is such an improvement on the Lord Morpeth who was ejected in 1841, that still greater advances towards perfection may be hoped for. Whether the grafts which the vigorous native stock has received from republicanism in the United States, and from class self-seeking in the Anti-Corn-law League, will bring with them strength or weakness, cannot at present be ascertained; but there is a good sound root and stem of John Bullism in the noble lord's mind, on which one may place great faith. At present, he seems to be rather feeling his own strength; playing with his new-found muscle and sinew; trying experiments with edged tools, of the real danger of which he is not yet fully cognisant. His speeches are as yet powerful efforts, rather than finished works of oratorical art. It is the peculiarity of some men always to be thought young, or at least immature. A privilege in private life, this is in the political world rather a disadvantage. Whoever thinks of Lord Morpeth or Mr. Disraeli as steady, staid, middle-aged men; the one of forty, the other of forty-four! Of the readers of Lord Morpeth's speeches, who regard him as a sort of parliamentary pupil of Lord John Russell, but few reflect that he has been in the House of Commons (an interval excepted) now twenty years. Those who are accustomed constantly to see and hear him, if the fact did not stare them in the face, would scarcely give the noble lord credit for the experience which so long a public life ought to have brought with it. They would expect from him ultra-liberal opinions; or warm, hearty, English sympathy, always bordering on rashness; or ambitious efforts at political philosophy; or high-flown attempts at the sublime in oratory; any thing, in short, but wisdom or common sense. When Lord Morpeth was in parliament before, the idea of youthfulness and crudity (as in the case of Mr. Disraeli) had obtained such full possession of the minds of those accustomed to watch those matters, that even superior power scarcely received its due meed of respect when at intervals it was displayed, but was postponed in the general estimation to the claims of unambitious but consistent dulness. Time alone will remove this ridiculous, but provoking prejudice. It is fast giving way already.

Carry back the imagination six or seven years. You are walking down to the House of Commons, looking inquiringly in the stream of horsemen and pedestrians that flows continuously towards St. Stephen's between the hours of four and five, for the notables of the day. Some one strides rapidly towards you in the distance. Heavens, at what a rate he walks! Nearer he comes. He must be somebody; but you will scarce have time to take a steady view, ere he will shoot past you. Has he something on his mind, that those two large, wide-open eyes stare so fixedly on vacancy, starting from their sockets? Or is it only that he will tie his white cravat so tight that his full round face and toppling hat look like a large thistle on its fragile stem? And why stalketh he on (unmindful of the July sun!) with that blank, fixed look, as of unutterable pain? Is he possessed? Hath he a demon? or a steam leg? or thinketh he that he bestrides a velocipede? No sign! On, on! the figure comes, Old-Hamlet-like, but t'other way; and with a sharp, quick noise of iron heels. Another instant and it has whisked by you; disappeared, past the tall Hibernian porter, through the little door of the House of Commons: a brief but startling apparition of two eyes, a flushed face (which you think you must have seen before, or something very like it), a fawn-like figure with tapering legs, in a swallow-tailed coat, and faultless inexpressibles!

Having made your way into the strangers' gallery, by means of an order, you

are observing the different great men of the day. There he is! standing by the side of a little green table near the bar, with papers in his hand, waiting to catch the Speaker's eye. How restless the light, graceful figure is! Is he going to dance? The feet seem as if moving to some "ditty of no tone." Positively, if the Speaker does not call upon him soon he will pirouette with airy bound along the floor, and come down with an *a plomb* upon the table. Ah! he is at last released from pain—the pain of standing still. He trips gracefully up to the gentlemen in wigs, the Speaker's deputies in martyrdom, delivers his papers, and drops into his seat; for (it is six years ago) he is in office—high in office; and to-night he is to introduce to the house one of the Whig measures for the conciliation of Ireland. A little later and our tantalising friend rises to speak, standing at the table with his ministerial despatch-box before him, a mountain of papers, and two oranges snug in a corner—awful symptoms of a long speech. Now you have a moment to study his countenance. Surely it is familiar to you! Did you, in the old days, visit the Haymarket Theatre? Did you ever see the Great Retired as Apollo Belvi? Do you ever ponder on the graphic works of our great limner-satirist, the mysterious "H. B.," he who fore shadows political events, grasping their hidden causes, or seizing on their ridiculous aspects, with such wondrous sagacity and wit? No; nor have you, to your knowledge, ever seen Lord Morpeth before. Yet you know those lineaments! Sir, it is the other face you are thinking of.

He has begun to speak. He has delivered an ambitious exordium, stilted and high-flown in language, but elevated and generous in sentiment. His voice is rather harshly high in its tone, and too uniform in its sound. But there is vigour and earnestness, and here and there a touch of manly feeling that almost startles by its contrast with the odd, overgrown-boyish, yet not unprepossessing, figure and manner. The action, also, is too formal, it has too much of the schools; and there is altogether an artificial and ambitious effort at eloquence, that makes one wish Lord Morpeth would trust more to his own unfettered impulses, and not so much to the lessons he has learned of some elocution-master, who has tried to teach him what never was taught, and never will be. The style is too much that of the "young gentlemen's academies" on examination-day. But the more you hear, the more you like both the speaker and the sentiments; in spite of all his peculiarities he has warmed you up. If you don't think with him, at least you feel with him. You have forgotten, too, the little traits of the ludicrous, in the palpable moral integrity of the man before you, instinct with a consciousness of the deep responsibilities of his exalted rank and station.

Such was the Lord Morpeth of 1840. To come at the Lord Morpeth of 1846, you have but to soften down the ludicrous ideas, and extend the influence of those which are associated with respect for high moral and intellectual qualities. Five years, while they have added some silver to the grey hair which it seems is the hereditary peculiarity of his family, have smoothed off many of the angularities and strengthened the tone of his mind. His language, still ambitious, is less inflated, his manner less bombastic, his style generally more finished. He is certainly developing, not perhaps, into a great orator, but at all events into a powerful and accomplished speaker, with great sway over the feelings of his auditory. There are in him the materials of a statesman, but of a statesman in whom the good rather than the great will predominate.

Contrasted with Earl Grey, he gains by the comparison. Although the former had the start of him in official life, he is equally, if not more efficient, from his greater patience and amenity. Lord Morpeth never excites bitterness of feeling; Lord Grey does. With equal honesty of purpose, he takes circumstances more into view, and does not run counter to public feeling where no good, but rather harm, would ensue. He takes broader views, more germane to the great object of all statesmanship and legislation, than the strict logical conclusions of Earl Grey. He reasons to a great extent through his feelings; Lord Grey subdues all feeling to the harsh necessities of experimental policy. The one gives the rein in a great measure to his sympathies, feeling that they will not lead him far wrong; with the other, to think, to reason, to prove, is to be wise; he sets up the wisdom of man's limited capacity above that higher wisdom which is based on our moral instincts. The one warms, inspires you; the other convinces, perhaps, but chills. The one makes the (untried) principles of modern political economists subservient to general policy and the wants of human nature; the other has a cast-iron mould for all things. The one would expand legislation as far as possible, trusting much to the good old forms in which the English nation has grown up; the other would centralise, and, by centralising, paralyse. The one trusts, perhaps, a little too much to the heart; but certainly the other depends too entirely on the head. It almost follows that the one should be more popular than the other,—at least, so is the fact. Both, no doubt, deserve credit for good intentions. Their future career will be, at no very great distance of time, perhaps, again side by side. It is to be hoped that neither the popular sympathies of Lord Morpeth, nor the personal ambition of Earl Grey, will lead them to disregard or undervalue the dangers to which their own character as statesmen and the welfare of their country will be exposed, if they too readily yield, on insufficient grounds, to the "pressure from without."

#### A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

After the disastrous retreat to Corunna, the Rifles were reduced to a sickly skeleton, if I may so term it. Out of perhaps nine hundred of us active and fine fellows as ever held a weapon in the field of an enemy's country, we paraded some three hundred weak and crest fallen invalids.

I myself stood the third man in my own company, which was reduced from near a hundred men, to but three. Indeed, I think we had scarce a company on parade stronger than ten or twelve men, at the first parade. After a few parades, however, our companies gradually were augmented (by those of the sick who recovered), but many of those who did not sink in hospital, were never more of much service as soldiers.

The captain of my company was sick, and Lieutenant Hill commanded the three men who answered for No. 4 on this occasion.

I remember he smiled when he looked at me. "Harris," he said, "you look the best man here, this morning. You seem to have got over this business well."

"Yes, sir," I said, "thank God I feel pretty stout again now, which is more than many can say."

Both battalions of the Rifles had been in that retreat. The first battalion lay at Colchester at this time. Ours (the second) was quartered at Hythe. Col. Beckwith commanded the first, and Col. Wade the second. I remember the forty-third and fifty-second Regiments paraded with our battalion on this occa-



sion at Hythe, and both having been with us on the Corunna retreat, cut as poor a figure as we ourselves did.

After awhile, some of the strongest and smartest of our men were picked out to go on the recruiting service, and gather men from the militia regiments to fill up our ranks. I myself started off with Lieut. Pratt, Serjeant-Major Adams, and William Brotherhood\*, the latter of whom was afterwards killed at Vittoria by a cannon-ball, which at the same moment ended Patrick Mahon and Lieut. Hopwood.

I was a shoemaker in the corps, and had twenty pounds in my pocket which I had saved up. With this money I hired a gig, and the Serjeant-Major and myself cut a very smart figure. The only difficulty was, that neither of us knew how to drive very well, consequently we overturned the gig on the first day, before we got half-way on our journey, and the shafts being broken we were obliged to leave it behind us in a small village, midway between Hythe and Rye, and take to our legs, as was more soldierlike and seemly. We reached Rye the first night, and I recollect that I succeeded in getting the first recruit there, a strong, able-bodied chimney-sweep, named John Lee. This fellow (whose appearance I was struck with as he sat in the taproom of the Red Lion on that night, together with a little boy as black and sooty as himself) offered to enlist the moment I entered the room, and I took him at his word, and immediately called for the Serjeant-Major for approval.

"There's nothing against my being a soldier," said the sweep, "but my black face; I'm strong, active, and healthy, and able to lick the best man in this room."

"D— your black face," said the Serjeant-Major; "the Rifles can't be too dark: you're a strong rascal, and if you mean it, we'll take you to the doctor to-morrow and make a Giniril of you the next day." So we had the sweep that night into a large tub of water, and scoured him outside, and filled him with punch inside, and made a rifeman of him.

The Serjeant-Major, however, on this night, suspected from his countenance, and what afterwards turned out to be the case, that Lee was rather a slippery fellow, and might repent. So after filling him drunk, he said to me—"Harris, you have caught this bird, and you must keep him fast. You must both sleep to-night handcuffed together in the same bed, or he will escape us;" which I actually did, and the next morning retraced my steps with him to Hythe, to be passed by the doctor of our regiment.

After rejoining Serjeant-Major Adams at Rye, we started off for Hastings in Sussex, and on our way we heard of the East Kent Militia at Lydd; so we stopped there about an hour to display ourselves before them, and try if we could coax a few of them into the Rifles. We strutted up and down before their ranks arm and arm, and made no small sensation amongst them. When on the recruiting service in those days, men were accustomed to make as gallant a show as they could, and accordingly we had both smartened ourselves up a trifle. The Serjeant-Major was quite a beau, in his way; he had a sling belt to his sword like a field-officer, a tremendous green feather in his cap, a flaring sash, his whistle and powder-flask displayed, an officer's pelisse over one shoulder, and a double allowance of ribbons in his cap; whilst I myself was also as smart as I dared appear, with my rifle slung at my shoulder.

In this guise we made as much of ourselves as if we had both been Generals, and, as I said, created quite a sensation, the militia-men cheering us as we passed up and down, till they were called to order by the officers.

The permission to volunteer was not then given to the East Kent, although it came out a few days afterwards, and we persuaded many men, during the hour we figured before them, that the Rifles were the only boys fit for them to join.

After looking up the East Kent, we reached Hastings that same night, where we found that the volunteering of the Leicester Militia (who were quartered there) had commenced, and that one hundred and twenty-five men and two officers had given their names to the 7th Fusiliers, and these, Adams and I, determined to make change their minds in our favour if we could.

The appearance of our rifle uniform, and a of little Serjeant Adams's† blarney, so took the fancies of the volunteers, that we got every one of them for the Rifle corps and both officers‡ into the bargain. We worked hard in this business. I may say that for three days and nights we kept up the dance and the drunken riot. Every volunteer got ten guineas bounty, which, except the two kept back for necessities, they spent in every sort of excess, till all was gone. Then came the reaction. The drooping spirits, the grief at parting with old comrades, sweethearts, and wives, for the uncertain fate of war. And then came on the jeers of the old soldier; the laughter of Adams and myself, and comrades, and our attempts to give a fillip to their spirits as we marched them off from the friends they were never to look upon again; and, as we termed it, "*shove them on to glory*"—a glory they were not long in achieving, as out of the hundred and fifty of the Leicestershires, which we enlisted in Hastings, scarce one man, I should say, who served, but could have shown at the year's end some token of the fields he had fought in: very many found a grave, and some returned to Hythe with the loss of their limbs.

I remember the story of many of these men's lives; one in particular named Demon, who, I myself enlisted from the Leicester Militia, is not a little curious. Demon was a smart and very active man, and serving as a Corporal in the light company of the Leicestershire when I persuaded him to join our corps, where he was immediately made a Serjeant in the 3d battalion, then just forming; and from which he eventually rose to be a Commissioned Officer in one of our line regiments, but whose number I cannot now remember. The cause which led to Demon's merits being first noticed was not a little curious, being neither more nor less than a race.

\* These three brave fellows were killed by a cannon-ball at Vittoria. As they were creeping from their cover to try and shoot one of the French Generals who was much exposed, the enemy pointed a gun at them and succeeded in sweeping down all three, as they crawled along. The shot was remarked as extraordinary; and well remembered.

† The history of Serjeant-Major Adams is somewhat singular. I was his great friend at this time, and he confided some part of it to me. He had been a caddy, (a rebel) and had fought at Vinegar Hill. When the rebels were defeated he escaped, and lived some time in the wilds of Cumemara. He afterwards thought it best to enlist in the Donegal Militia, and then volunteered to the Rifles. Here he soon rose (whilst in Spain) to the rank of Serjeant. During the retreat to Corunna, Serjeant-Major Crosby failed, and Crawford promoted Adams in his place. At St. Sebastian he was noticed by General Graham for his bravery with the forlorn hope, and a commission was given him; and he afterwards joined a regiment in Gibraltar, where he was made Adjutant. He then went to America, where he served with credit till death. I believe I was the only man in the regiment who knew of his having been a rebel, and I kept the secret faithfully till his death.

‡ The names of these two Officers were Chapman and Freere, and I believe they are living now.

It happened that at Shoreham Cliff, (soon after he joined,) a race was got up amongst some Kentish men, who were noted for their swiftness, and one of them who had beaten his companions, challenged any soldier in the Rifles to run against him for two hundred pounds. The sum was large, and the runner was of so much celebrity, that although we had some active fellows amongst us, not one seemed inclined to take the chance, either officers or men, till at length Demon stepped forth and said he would run against this Kentish booster, or any man on the face of the earth, and fight him afterwards into the bargain, if any one could, be found to make up the money. Upon this an officer subscribed the money and the race was arranged.

The affair made quite a sensation, and the inhabitants of the different villages for miles around flocked to see the sport; besides which the men from different regiments in the neighborhood, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, also, were much interested, and managed to be present, which caused the scene to be a very gay one. In short, the race commenced, and the odds were much against the soldier at starting, as he was a much less man than the other, and did not at all look like the winner. He, however, kept well up with his antagonist, and the affair seemed likely to end in a dead heat, which would undoubtedly have been the case, but Demon, when close upon the winning-post, gave one tremendous spring forward and won it by his body's length.

This race, in short, led on to notice and promotion. General Mackenzie was in command of the garrison at Hythe. He was present, and was highly delighted at the rifeman beating the bumpkin, and saw that the winner was the very cut of a soldier, and in short that Demon was a very smart fellow, so that eventually the news of the race reached the first battalion then fighting in Spain. Sir Andrew Barnard, as far as I recollect from hearsay, at the time was in command of the Rifles in Spain at that moment; and, as I now remember the story, either he or some other officer of high rank, upon being told of the circumstance, remarked that, as Demon was such a smart runner in England, there was very good ground for a rifeman to use his legs on out there. He was accordingly ordered out with the next draft to that country, where he so much distinguished himself that he obtained his commission, as I have before mentioned.

I could give many more anecdotes connected with the recruiting at this time for the three battalions of Rifles, but the above will suffice; and soon after the incident I have narrated above (our companies being full of young and active men), we started off with the expedition, then just formed, for Walcheren. I could not help feeling, when we paraded, that I stood enraptured for this first expedition comparatively amongst strangers, since in the company I belonged to, not a single man, except James Brooks, whom I have before named, then paraded with me who had been a fellow comrade in the fields of Portugal and Spain. I felt also the loss of my old Captain (Leech), whom I much loved and respected, and who left the second battalion at that time to be promoted in the first. When I heard of this change, I stepped from the ranks and offered to exchange into the first, but Lieut. Hill, who was present, hinted to Captain Hart (my new Commanding Officer) not to let me go, as if he did he would perhaps repent it. I will not say here what the Lieutenant then said of me, but he persuaded Capt. Hart to keep me, as my character had been so good in the former campaign; and accordingly I remained in the second battalion, and started on the Walcheren expedition.

From Hythe to Deal was one day's march; and I remember looking along the road at the fine appearance the different regiments made as we marched along. It was as fine an expedition as ever I looked at, and the army seemed to stretch, as I regarded them, the whole distance before us to Dover.

At Deal, the Rifles embarked in the *Superb*, a 74, and a terrible outcry there was amongst the women, upon the beach on the embarkation; for the ill consequences of having too many women amongst us had been so apparent in our former campaign and retreat that the allowance of wives was considerably curtailed on this occasion, and the distraction of the poor creatures parting with their husbands was quite heart-rending; some of them clinging to the men so resolutely, that the officers were obliged to give orders to have them separated by force. In fact, even after we were in the boats and fairly pushed off, the screaming and howling of their farewells rang in our ears far out at sea.

The weather being fair, and the fleet having a grand and imposing appearance, many spectators (even from London) came to look at us as we lay in the Downs, and we set sail (I think on the third day from our embarkation) in three divisions.

A fair wind soon carried us off Flushing, where one part of the expedition disembarked, the other made for South Beveland, among which latter I myself was. The five companies of Rifles immediately occupied a very pretty village, with rows of trees on either side its principal street, where we had plenty of leisure to listen to the sound of the cannonading going on amongst the companies we had left at Flushing.

The appearance of the country (such as it was) was extremely pleasant, and for a few days the men enjoyed themselves much. But at the expiration of (I think) less time than a week, an awful visitation suddenly came upon us. The first I observed of it was one day as I sat in my billet, when I beheld whole parties of our riflemen in the street shaking with a sort of ague, to such a degree that they could hardly walk; strong and fine young men who had been but a short time in the Service seemed suddenly reduced in strength to infants, unable to stand upright—so great a shaking had seized upon their whole bodies from head to foot. The company I belonged to was quartered in a barn, and I quickly perceived that hardly a man there had stomach for the bread that was served out to them, or even to taste their grog, although each man had an allowance of half-a-pint of gin per day. In fact, I should say, about three weeks from the day we landed, I and two other men were the only individuals who could stand upon our legs. They lay groaning in rows in the barn, amongst the heaps of lumpy black bread they were unable to eat.

This awful spectacle considerably alarmed the officers\*, who were also many of them attacked. The Naval Doctors came on shore to assist the Regimental Surgeons, who, indeed, had more upon their hands than they could manage; Dr. Ridgeway, of the Rifles, and his assistants, having nearly five hundred patients prostrate at the same moment. I short, except myself and three or four others, the whole concern was completely flooded.

Under these circumstances, and which considerably confounded the Doctors, orders were issued (since all hopes of getting the men upon their legs seemed gone) to embark them as fast as possible, which was accordingly done with some little difficulty. The poor fellows made every effort to get on board. Those who were a trifle better than others crawled to the boats; many supported each other; and many were carried helpless as infants.

At Flushing matters were not much better, except that there the soldiers had a smart skirmish with their enemies before the fever and ague attacked them.

\* Lord Chatham (as is well known) commanded this expedition, and Marshal Beresford had command of that part of it which occupied the Island of South Beveland at this time.



On shipboard the aspect of affairs did not mend; the men beginning to die so fast that they committed ten or twelve to the deep in one day.

It was rather extraordinary that myself and Brooks, and a man named Bowley, who had all three been at Corunna, were at this moment unattacked by the disease, and, notwithstanding the awful appearance of the pest-ships we were in, I myself had little fear of the disease. I thought myself so hardened that it could not touch me. It happened, however, that I stood sentinel (men being scarce) over the hatchway, and Brooks, who was always a jolly and jeering companion, (even in the very jaws of death) came past me, and offered me a lump of pudding, it being pudding-day on board. At that moment I felt struck with a deadly faintness, shook all over like an aspen, and my teeth chattered in my head, so that I could hardly hold my rifle.

Brooks looked at me a moment, with the pudding in his hand, which he saw I could not take. "Hallo," he said, "why Harris, old boy, you are not going to begin, are you?"

I felt unable to answer him, but only muttered out as I trembled, "For God's sake, get me relieved, Brooks!"

"D—e," said Brooks, "it's all up with Harris! You're caught hold of at last, old chap!"

In fact, I was soon sprawling upon the fore-castle, amongst many others, in a miserable state, our heads upon our knapsacks, and our great coats over us. In this state the Doctors, during our short voyage, were fully employed; pails of bark were carried amongst us and given to the men in horn tumblers, and thus we arrived at Dover.

As I lay on the deck, I looked up at that splendid castle in the distance. It was identified with old England, and many a languid eye was cheered by its sight. Men naturally love to die upon their native land, and I felt I could now do so contentedly! Nay, I have that frowning English fortress in my eye, at this moment, as I then beheld it. The Warwickshire Militia were at that time quartered at Dover. They came to assist in disembarking us, and were obliged to lift many of us out of the boats like sacks of flower. If any of those militiamen remain alive, they will not easily forget that piece of duty; for I never beheld men more moved than they were at our helpless state. Many died at Dover, and numbers in Deal; whilst those who had somewhat rallied, on getting from the land of pestilence, were paraded in order to get them on to their old quarters at Hythe.

I remember that the 43rd and 52nd Regiments (all that were able) marched with us this day to Hythe; but I'm afraid we did not (any of us) cut much of a figure on the road. In fact, such was the shaking fever we felt that we were left pretty much to our own discretion to get to our journey's end in the best manner we could. Many, indeed, would never have got into barracks without assistance. In short, when I sat down exhausted by the road-side several times during the march, and looked at the men, I thought it bore in some degree a similitude to the Corunna retreat; so awfully had disease floored the strength of the whole turn-out.

The hospital at Hythe being filled with the sick, the barracks became a hospital, and as deaths ensued, and thinned the wards, the men were continually removed, making a progress from barrack to hospital, and from hospital to the grave. The ward of the hospital, in which I myself was, accommodated eleven men, and I saw, from my bed in the corner where I lay, this ward refilled ten times, the former patients being all carried out to the grave. I had been gradually removed as the men died, until I was shoved up into a corner of the ward, where I lay and had plenty of leisure to observe my comrades in misfortune, and witness their end. Some I beheld die quietly, and others were seized in various ways. Many got out of bed in a shivering delirium, and died upon the floor in the night-time.

Having been a shoemaker in the Rifles, I had saved during my service near two hundred pounds, which I had in the Bank at Hythe at this time, so that I was enabled to procure extra wine and other nourishing things, and often gave my companions in misfortune a treat also; and this I think enabled my iron constitution to keep death so long at bay.

I saw one or two of my old Peninsular comrades, and whom I had often seen fighting bravely in the field, die in this hospital in a miserable condition, their bodies being swollen up like barrels.

Every thing was done for us that skill could devise, and nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of Dr. Ridgeway towards us. Hot baths were brought into the hospital, and many a man died whilst in the bath, and was taken out dead.

I remember hearing, as I lay sick, that the firing over the graves of our comrades was dispensed with, the men died so fast; and when I got out and went to the churchyard to look upon the graves of my comrades, I saw them laying in two lines there. As they in life had been enranked, so they lay also enranked in death.

The medical men made every effort to try and trace the immediate cause of this mortality amongst us; and almost all the men were examined after death; but it was of no avail, as nothing could arrest the progress of the malady after it had reached a certain height. The Doctor, I heard, generally attributed the deaths, in most cases, to enlargement of the spleen, as almost all were swollen and diseased in that part. I myself was dreadfully enlarged in the side, and for many years afterwards carried "an extra paunch."

As soon as the prospect began to brighten, and the men to recover a little, we managed to muster outside the hospital, some three hundred of us parading there morning and evening, for the benefit of fresh air; and medicine was served out to us as we stood enranked, the hospital orderlies passing along the ranks, and giving each man his dose from large jugs which they carried.

As we got better an order arrived to furnish two companies of the second battalion, and two companies of the third battalion, of Rifles, for Spain, as they were much wanted there. Accordingly an inspection took place, and two hundred men were picked out, all of whom were most anxious to go. I myself was rejected at that time, as unfit, which I much regretted. However, on making application, after a few days, I was accepted, principally on the recommendation of Lieut. Cochrane, who much wished for me; and I accordingly once more started for foreign service.

From Hythe to Portsmouth, where we were to embark, was eight days' march; but the very first day found out some of the Walcheren lads. I myself was assisted that night to my billet, the ague having again seized me, and on the third day wagons were obliged to be hired to get us along the road. As we proceeded some of those men who had relapsed died on the road, and were buried in different places we passed through. At Chichester, I recollect, a man was taken out of the wagon in which I myself lay, who had died beside me; and at that place he was buried.

At Portsmouth I remained one night, billeted with my fellow travellers at the Dolphin. Here I was visited by an uncle who resided in the town; and was much shocked at seeing me so much reduced, concluding it was impossible

I could survive many days. Such was the shocking state we were again reduced to. The next morning spring wagons were procured for us, and we were sent back to Hilsea barracks for the benefit of medical advice; and I took a farewell of my uncle, expecting never to see him again. Such, however, was not to be the case, as, out of the thirty-nine riflemen who went into Hilsea Hospital, I alone survived.

It may seem to my readers extraordinary that I should twice be the survivor of so many of my comrades. I can only, therefore, refer them to the medical men who attended us, if they yet live, and whose names were, Dr. Ridgeway, of the Rifles, and Dr. Frazer, who at that time was the Surgeon at Hilsea.

Whilst we lay sick at Hilsea Hospital I must not forget to mention an act of great kindness and humanity which was performed towards the soldiery. Lady Grey, who, I believe was the wife of the Commissioner of Portsmouth Dockyard at this time, was so much struck with the state of the sufferers, that she sent one morning two carts loaded with warm clothing for them; giving to each man, of whatsoever regiment, who had been at Walcheren, two pairs of flannel drawers and two flannel waistcoats. This circumstance was greatly appreciated by the men; and many, like myself, have never forgotten it.

After this, being the only rifleman left at Hilsea, Lieut. Bardell made application to the General for leave for me to go into Dorsetshire to see my friends, which was granted; but the doctor shook his head, doubting I should ever be able to undertake the journey. In about a week, however, I considered myself fit to undertake the journey; and, accordingly, a non-commissioned officer of one of the line regiments put me into a Salisbury coach. A lady and gentleman were my fellow-passengers inside, and we started about four o'clock. They seemed not much to relish the look of a sick soldier in such close quarters; and accordingly, we had hardly cleared the town of Gosport before I gave them a dreadful fright. In short, I was attacked all at once with one of the periodical ague-fits, and shook to so desperate a degree that they were both horror-struck, and almost inclined to keep me company. The lady thought that both herself and husband were sold, and would certainly catch the complaint; expressing herself as most unhappy in having begun their journey on that day. These fits generally lasted an hour and a quarter, and then came on a burning fever, during which I called for water at every place where the coach stopped. In fact, coachman, guard, and passengers, outside and in, by no means liked it, and expected every minute that I should die in the coach.

"Here's a nice go," said the coachman, as he stopped at a place called Whitchurch, "catch me ever taking up a sick soldier again if I can help it. This here poor devil's going to make a die of it in my coach."

It seemed, indeed, as if I had personally offended the burly coachman, for he made an oration at every place he stopped at, and sent all the helpers and idlers to look at me, as I sat in his coach, till at last I was obliged to beg of him not to do so.

I had two attacks of this sort during the night, and was so bad that I myself thought, with the coachman, that I should never get out of the vehicle alive; and never, I should think, had passengers so unpleasant a journey as the lady and gentleman I travelled with.

At length, early in the morning, the coach stopped at a village one mile from my father's residence, which was on the estate of the present Marquis of Anglesey. I had left my father's cottage quite a boy, and although I knew the landlord of the little inn where the coach stopped, and several other persons I saw there, none knew me; so I made myself known as well as I could, for I was terribly exhausted, and the landlord immediately got four men to carry me home.

My father was much moved at beholding me return in so miserable a plight, as was also my stepmother and my brother. I remained with them eight months, six of which I lay in a hopeless state in bed, certificates being sent every month to Hythe, stating my inability to move; and during which time Captain Hart sent four letters to the commanding officer, desiring I might be drafted out, if possible, to Spain, as, being a handcraft, I was much wanted there.

The medical men round the neighbourhood hearing of my state, many of them came to see me, in order to observe the nature of a complaint that had proved so deadly to our soldiers.

At the end of the eighth month (being once more somewhat recovered, and able to crawl about, with the aid of a stick, a few yards from our cottage door,) as my mother-in-law had once or twice expressed herself burthened by this long illness, I resolved to attempt to return to my regiment. I was therefore transported in a cart to the King's Arms Inn, Dorchester, my body being swollen up hard as a barrel, and my limbs covered with ulcers. Here the Surgeons of the 9th and 11th Dragoons made an examination of me, and ordered me into Dorchester Hospital, where I remained seven weeks; and here my case completely puzzled the doctors.

At length Dr. Burroughs, on making his rounds, caught sight of me as I sat on my bed, dressed in my green uniform.

"Hallo! rifleman," he said, "how came you here?"

Being told, he looked very sharply at me, and seemed to consider.

"Walcheren," he inquired, "eh?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, "and it has not done with me yet."

"Strip, my man," he said, "and lay on your back. What have you done for him?" he asked sharply of the doctor.

The doctor told him.

"Then try him with mercury, Sir," he said, "both externally and internally."

After saying which in a rapid manner, he turned as quickly, and proceeded in his rounds amongst the rest of the patients.

I was now salivated most desperately, after which I got a little better, and resolved, at all hazards, to try and rejoin my regiment, for I was utterly tired of the hospital life I had altogether so long led. "For God's sake," I said, "let me go and die with my own regiment!"

With some little difficulty I got leave to go, and once again started, at my own expense, for Hythe, in Kent, by the coach. Before doing so, however, to my surprise, the medical man who had attended me under my father's roof, brought me in his bill, which was a pretty good one, amounting to sixty pounds. I thought this was pretty well for a poor soldier to be charged. Having still, however, enough left of my savings, I paid it; but I kept that bill, and afterwards showed it to Dr. Scott, of the Rifles, who remarked upon it in these words: "It could not have been higher, Harris, if you had been a man possessing a thousand a year."

When I made my appearance in the barrack-square at Hythe, I was like one risen from the dead; for I had been so long missing from amongst the few I knew there, that I was almost forgotten. A hardy Scot, named Mc Pherson, was one of the first who recognized me.

"Eh," he said, "but here's Harris come back. Why I thought, man, ye was gane amongst the lave o' them, but the devil will na kill ye, I think!"



The day after my arrival I was once more in hospital, and here I remained under Dr. Scott for twenty-eight weeks, such was the Walcheren fever, and which to this day I sometimes feel the remains of in damp weather. From Hythe I was sent, amongst some other invalids, to Chelsea. Sixty of us marched together on this occasion, without arms. Many had lost their limbs, which, from wounds, as well as disease, had been amputated; and altogether we did not make a very formidable appearance, being frequently obliged to be halted in the road to repair our strength, when the whole turn out would be seen sitting or sprawling at full length by the road side.

This march took us ten days to accomplish, and when we halted at Pimlico, we were pretty well done up. We were billeted in the different public-houses in Chelsea. Amongst others, I lodged at the Three Crowns, close beside the Bun House.

I remember we paraded in the Five Fields, then an open space, but now covered with elegant mansions, and become a part of London. Three thousand invalids mustered here every morning—a motley group, presenting a pood picture of the toils of war. There was the lame, the halt, and the blind, the sick, and the sorry, all in a lump. With those who had lost their limbs, there was not much trouble, as they became pensioners; but others were, some of them, closely examined from day to day as to their eligibility for service. Amongst others I was examined by Dr. Lephau.

"What age are you, rifleman?" he said.

"Thirty-two, Sir," I replied.

"What trade have you been of?" he inquired.

"A shoemaker," I replied.

"Where have you been?" he said.

"In Denmark, Spain, Portugal, and Walcheren," I said, "in which latter place I met the worst enemy of all."

"Never mind that," he said, "you'll do yet; and we will have you to a Veteran Battalion."

Accordingly I was appointed to the 8th Veteran Battalion, with others, and sent to Fort Cumberland. Here I was appointed to Capt. Creswell's company, who had lost one eye, whilst in the 36th Regiment, in Spain.

I was again the only green jacket of the lot, and the officers assembled round me during the first muster, and asked me numerous questions about my service amongst the Rifles, for we had a great reputation amongst the Army at this time. Major Caldwell commanded the battalion; he had been in the 5th (the fighting 5th,) and had received a grievous wound in the head. He was a kind and soldier-like man, but if you put him out of temper, you would soon find out that he felt his wound. Capt. Picard was there, too, and Capt. Flaherty, and Lieut. Moorhead; all of them were more or less shattered, whilst their men, although most of them were young, were very good specimens of war's alarms. One, perhaps, had a tale to tell of Salamanca, where he lost an eye; another spoke of Badajoz, where he got six balls (in the breach) at once in his body. Many paraded with sticks in their hands, and altogether it was something of a different sort of force to the active chaps I had been in the habit of serving amongst. In fact, I much regretted my green jacket, and grieved at being obliged to part with it for the red coat of the Veterans.

I remained in the Veterans only four months, at the expiration of that time Napoleon was sent to Elba. We were then marched to Chelsea, to be disbanded, where we met thousands of soldiers lining the streets, and lounging about before the different public houses, with every description of wound and casualty incident to modern warfare. There hobbled the dilapidated light infantry man, the heavy dragoon, the hussar, the artillery man, the fusilier, and specimens from every regiment in the Service. The Irishman, shouting and brandishing his crutch; the English soldier, reeling with drink; and the Scot, with grave and melancholy visage, sitting on the steps of the public house amongst the crowd, listening to the skirl of his comrades' pipes, and thinking of the blue hills of his native land. Such was Chelsea and Pimlico in 1814.

In about a week's time I was discharged, and received a pension of sixpence per day; and for the first time since I had been a shepherd lad on Blandford Downs, I saw myself in plain clothes, and with my liberty to go and come where I liked. Before, however, my pension became due, I was again called upon to attend, together with others, in consequence of the escape of Bonaparte from Elba; but I was then in so miserable a plight with the remains of the fever and ague, and which still attacked me every other day, that I did not answer the call, by which I lost my pension. And here I may perhaps as well mention a slight anecdote of the Great Duke, as I heard it related, more especially as, slight as it is, it shows the rapidity with which, even in small matters, that great man always came to a right conclusion.

The Duke, I was told, observed in Spain that several men who had come out from England after Walcheren were unable to keep up on the march, and afterwards completely failed. He inquired the reason of this, and was told they were men who had been on the Walcheren Expedition.

"Then never," said the Duke, "let another man be sent here who has been at Walcheren."

At Fort Cumberland I remember another curious circumstance, which may perhaps, in these times, be thought worthy of narration.

Many of the French prisoners had volunteered into the English service, and were formed into four companies, called the Independent Companies. These men were smart looking fellows, and wore a green uniform, something like the Rifles. Whilst I was with the Veterans one of these men deserted, and was re-taken at Portsmouth, and tried by court-martial at Fort Cumberland. Besides his crime of desertion he had aggravated it by gross insubordination, and he was accordingly sentenced to be flogged. We all, French and English, paraded to see the sentence carried into effect, and in case of anything happening, and our opposite neighbours, the green jackets, showing fight, the Veterans were all ordered to load with ball.

When the culprit heard the sentence read out to him, he was a good deal annoyed, and begged that he might be shot, as would have happened to him in his own country. Such, however, it was explained to him, could not be allowed, and he was accordingly punished. The Duke of York, who was then Commander-in-Chief, had thought it necessary to make this example, although all of us would have been glad to have seen him forgiven.

Shortly after this, on Napoleon's being sent to Elba, these men were all liberated, and sent home to their own country, with four pounds given to each man; and gloriously drunk they all were at Portsmouth the night they embarked.

The Veterans were very intimate and friendly with these Frenchmen, as they were quartered together; and we were all sorry to hear (whether true or false I cannot say) that every man of them, on their uniforms betraying their having served us, were massacred by their fellow countrymen.

## MILLY L—, A TALE OF FACT IN HUMBLE LIFE.

[Concluded.]

For some moments, however, after he reached the external air, he did not feel himself revived, a mist hung before his eyes, his head swam round, he leaned against the house or he would have fallen. Gradually these sensations decreased; and as he began to recollect where he was, and what he had been doing, he looked around to see if he had been observed: it seemed not; for all the passers up and down were intent each upon his separate affairs, and no one was near him. He struck his clenched fist upon his brow. "There is judgment in it," he muttered to himself, "there is judgment following it—dare I carry it through? And why should I? Fool or madman that I am, to thrust my own neck into the net, and all for a penniless girl with a pretty face! But I will write to her and say, that I did not offer to her aunt and sister; and as it is by them that I am to be accepted or refused, I will decline the bargain."

For an hour or two he kept in that resolution, but it was vain; the purpose faded before it had been fully formed; and the haunting ghost that had troubled his memory was driven forth by mad, intoxicating delight. That evening, too, he drank to intoxication; not in the exciting guest-room, but in his own quiet parlour, deliberately, and slowly, and with the purpose to banish thought.

When Milly found herself alone after his abrupt departure, and reflected on the scene that had passed, the crisis and turning point, as it seemed to her, in her little history, the circumstance which determined and opened to her knowledge its future, she was neither elated nor happy—a sinking of heart, indeed, came upon her. Yet she was satisfied, it had happened to her according to her wish; ambition was at work within her. Ambition is a craving passion; if it be not early crushed—absolutely crushed in the breast in which it springs, it will demand its gratification, though it be at the cost of happiness. Milly would not have the case other than it was.

Strange, she thought, that now of all times John S— should stubbornly dwell upon her mind, and that every little circumstance that happened on that summer night, when he declared to her his love, would come crowding on her memory with vividness which made the whole scene pass again within her. She could wish that she had never known him; but his affair was settled long since, and her sister had done right. Was she then always to remain single because she had been prevented from marrying him? Surely not. And what a provision for a poor orphan was that which had opened before her! Yes, she was contented, gratified; contented and gratified, but not happy.

Madame M— returned. Milly told her what had passed.

"You are a lucky girl, indeed," said that warm-hearted lady. "God bless you! who would have thought it? Dear me, I am so glad—so glad, my child; and she kissed her, and chuckled, and kissed her again; and to see her face irradiated with pleasure, one might have fairly supposed that it was herself who had received a most satisfactory proposal, or that she had just received the tidings of a fortune left to her, or that some high honour had fallen upon her, or that some important and long-laid plan had just met complete success.

They chatted for some time over the affair, and then both sat down to write to Milly's aunt and sister. Milly, to state the case, and seek their consent; and Madame M—, to assure them that Milly's representations were not made *couleur de rose*, but that Mr. P—, as a man of high respectability of character and of assured wealth, would make a most eligible partner for the orphan.

Mrs. Martha and her elder niece communicated together on the receipt of these letters, and then wrote to congratulate Milly and to express their hearty approbation of her marriage with Mr. P—; they wrote, also, to thank Madame M— for the kind part which she had taken in the affair.

Milly's spirits rose; and save that Mrs. Martha, in the midst of her satisfaction, was somewhat irritated at the thought of losing her niece, the darling of her old age, all parties were in high good-humour with each other. Mr. P— was to be formally accepted, and Madame M— wrote a little note on pink paper, fragrant of verberna, to request him to pass that evening at her house.

He came. A *te-te* with Milly settled the affair, and the evening passed with hilarity and joy.

Madame M— gave them her felicitations, shook them both affectionately by the hand, and kissing Milly, said,—

"She is like a child to me, Mr. P—. I love her almost as well as one of my own; and as you made your first acquaintance here, I invite you heartily to finish the matter here, and to be married from my house. I will write to Milly's sister and aunt to come over and spend the wedding week with us."

Both cordially thanked her, and the arrangement was made.

And now the betrothed met daily; presents poured in upon Milly; a thousand little marks of love surrounded her; she forgot the past, threw her soul into her circumstances; and her life for the next few weeks was one of intoxicating delight.

The same time with Mr. P— was spent in the alternation of high spirits with fits of murky gloom. Sometimes his sleep would be broken by a start, or in a waking dream he would strike his forehead, muttering, "Fool! infatuated fool that I am, to let a fair face beguile me into ruin! I might, too, have some pity on her, so lovely and confiding;" but then he would answer to himself, "I must onward now, at any risk; the price may never be demanded. Yes, I will take the present pleasure, and leave the rest to fate."

But no ear heard these soliloquies, and no eye saw this gloom, unless, indeed, the spirits who surround us in the air are cognisant of our doings, ay, and of our thoughts, too. They may see portions of that of which the Great Spirit sees all.

But Milly saw her lover only in his glee, and found her ignorance her bliss. Then came the wedding week. The aunt and sister arrived three days before the one appointed, to help the preparation.

Milly had many questions to ask; and Mrs. Martha much to tell about the village and their neighbours. At last the latter said, (the words came not smoothly but labouring forth),—

"And there's John S—, too. You know, Milly, he was like to hear what's to be; so he came to my house last night, and wept sore, and would not leave it till I had promised to carry his message to you: 'Take my duty to her,' he said; 'and my best wishes for her happiness; and tell her I shall pray God to bless her, though my heart's breaking the while.' Well, Milly, and he's gone now; he went off this morning for Bristol, and by this time he's sailed; and, my girl, my best wish for ye is, that ye may have as fond a heart as his with a better fortune."

Milly could make no reply. She had left her work up-stairs, she hastened for it, shut herself into her room, and the tears fell profusely. Angriely she asked herself, "What have I to do to weep for any thing that John could say! I that am three days later to be the wife of another man?" Still the tears fell. "It was so tender, so generous, that message. God help him, and prosper him, and



make him happy another way," thought she; and then she rose and washed her eyes, and looked at her wedding-dress in progress of making; and was sure she had wept at the kindness of the message, and by no means at thought of him who sent it; and then she drove the thing altogether from her mind, and went down-stairs again and spent a gay evening in that gay party.

The morning dawned—that morning which was to make Milly a bride. The bridegroom was at her side, and the service commenced. The solemn charge was read: "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

Milly's eye, which had wandered from the pavement of the church to her bridegroom, and from her bridegroom to the pavement of the church, was held and fixed now by observing upon his face that blue and ghastly look—that look of terror, which she had once before seen it wear;—that was the moment of suspense when he made his proposal and waited for her reply; now all was fixed and sure. What could it mean?

Others, also, saw the trace of some strange and deep emotion, for the clergyman had seen it; and he made a pause—a solemn, lengthened pause, which called every eye first to himself, then to the bridal pair. No word was spoken, and he resumed. Doubtless some thoughts of wonder had been raised, but they subsided soon. The service was affecting, the lover ardent—was not that enough to account for emotion? Surely it was.

The service was concluded. It was recorded in the parish-registers that Edward P——, bachelor, had married Milly L——, spinster, on the 5th of May in the year 18—; and the signatures were formally affixed and formally witnessed.

In the carriage which bore them back to Madame M——'s, Mr. P—— embraced his wife, laughed hysterically, shed tears of joy, and declared himself the most happy man living. So he seemed. Amidst the blessings and congratulations of their friends they set out for a wedding-tour. They passed a month in Scotland. Mr. P—— was all tenderness and affection to Milly: he watched her every look, and was beforehand almost with her very thoughts, and procured her many a pleasure that she never dreamed to ask. Even her father's tenderness in the days of her happy childhood had not equalled his. As before her marriage, so still, it was a dream of intoxicating delight.

At length they returned to home, and business, and family cares. All had prospered in their absence; the foreman had been faithful, the concern was flourishing; the cares of business did not in the least abate the tenderness of the husband, though, of course, they occupied a portion of his time. Milly helped him; she kept accounts, made out bills, wrote orders, inspected work. In short, all went well; and very happy were the married pair.

Yet Milly had her secret uneasiness: for breaking upon their dream of love, there would come by times upon Mr. P—— fits of moodiness,—true, the fit soon passed off; and after it he would usually appear more gay and elated than before. In sleep, too, he would sometimes suddenly start and wake as if some dreadful vision passed before him; then Milly would express concern; but he gently smiled at her fears, and told her that he had always been subject to nightmares in sleep, and to occasional fits of lowness by day; and Milly was fain to appear at ease.

Surely, surely, he could not have some crime upon his conscience!—that thought was too dreadful to be held a moment. "Oh no, no, no," she said to herself, "what wrong I do him! High and low through the whole place give him a fair name, and shall his wife suspect him!"

Could it be a threatening of insanity! that, also, was too dreadful an idea: she thrust it from her. Was not his own explanation enough? Why make herself wretched with fancied sorrows? Was she not sure before life was out to find real ones? She would not be thankless and faithless. So she stifled the fears which yet from time to time arose again.

Yet the occasions exciting them were few and far between; and notwithstanding their occurrence Milly's life was happy—yes, happy, much beyond the general lot. Her sister had visited her, and her aunt had made a long stay with her; and she had been with her husband to London, that he might make some purchases for his business, and shew her sights.

She clung to him with fond affection. Then, after the business of the day, they passed their evenings together, so pleasantly, so peacefully. They would stroll out together in the summer sunset; or at other times she would play to him; or he would read to her whilst she made the tiny garments for the infant that they now expected. Seldom she thought had there been happiness like theirs. They had been married now nearly two years.

One sunny morning after breakfast Mr. P—— ordered his horse. He was going to see a distant customer, and to engage a nurse for Milly's prospective need. He kissed her before he went. "It will take me three hours, love. Do not think Jetty has thrown me if I am not here till one." Still he hung about her, played with her ringlets, stroked her neck, arranged her book and implements of work upon her little table, and then fondly imprinting another kiss upon her forehead, ran down-stairs.

Now, why was Milly oppressed with sense of sadness? She was well; the morning was bright; her husband was kind—most kind; their affairs were prospering. Why then did Milly feel a sinking of heart, a foreboding fear of ill?

Is there in the curious and delicate mechanism of man some fine and hidden sense leagued in mysterious sympathy with his destiny? Is there some subtle fluid within him which becomes agitated or congealed as the meshes of fate draw around him? some animal mercury which shrinks within its sensitive tubes, as the storm of adversity gathers? Some sad presentiment, some vague foreknowledge of impending doom? Why else was Milly sad when all around was gay?

But she was sad; and as she sat listlessly unemployed, the servant entered,—

"There's a person at the door, ma'am, asking for master. I told her he was out, but she says she will not go away; she will wait for his return, for she must see him."

"I'll go to her myself," said Milly; "you need not wait."

She went and accosted the stranger, said,—

"Mr. P—— is not at home; but if you like to leave a message with me I will deliver it to him, or you can call again."

"Who are you?" said the woman.

"I am Mrs. P——. I do not wish to receive your message if you do not like to leave it."

A look of indignation and contempt overshot the features of the stranger as she said,—

"You, Mrs. P——! you, his wife!" It seemed, however, to melt in pity,

as she added, "Poor young creature! and he's had the heart to be that villain!"

"What do you mean?" said Milly, with a look of anger not unmixed with terror. "Is it of my husband that you speak to me in such terms? If you came here to insult me you had better go;" and she was about to close the door.

"No," said the visitor, stepping within it, and placing her hand upon the handle, "No, I am not so easily to be disposed of as that neither. I shall wait here for Mr. P——; but there's more between us than you think. I'd be inclined to pity you, for there's a black page before you; and it's none of your own fault! Some sin and suffer, and some suffer without sinning! but you must give me civil words."

Milly now thought her insane. She assured her, that for herself she was a very happy woman, and in no need of pity; that she desired to be civil to all her fellow-creatures; that if the stranger had business with Mr. P——, she had certainly better call again, for he was out for several hours.

"No," said the woman resolutely; I wait here now: shew me into a room."

Milly made a movement in retreat. She was about to call help from the work-room of the shop.

The visitor made a movement in advance, laid her hand upon Milly's arm, and said,—

"Be wise; you will hurt both yourself and Mr. P—— if you make a commotion. Your fate hangs on my business. I am his wife; and his real name is Edward K——." She held a paper before Milly's eyes, still firmly retaining it in her own hands. It was a certificate of the marriage of Edward K—— with Elizabeth N——, in the parish church of —, in the city of London, on the 4th day of February, 18—. It was signed, and appeared perfect. Milly's brain reeled; her eyes fixed; for a few moments she neither saw, nor heard, nor remembered. The stranger was alarmed, she thought a fit was coming on, she supported Milly by her arm, and knocked again at the open door.

The servant appeared and brought a chair and water. Milly soon revived; and remembering the dreadful fact, she said to the servant, "It was only a little faintness; it is gone now. This person will wait for Mr. P——. I will take her up-stairs with me; and as I am not quite well you need not shew in any visitors this morning."

The suddenness and violence of the shock had for a moment upset her; but there was true courage about that simple character—courage to meet a trying emergency—courage to sustain adversity and change.

When they were alone, and the door was closed, Milly said,—

"If the tale which that certificate pretends to tell were true, mine would be indeed a dreadful case; but I trust, and I believe that it will prove a forgery. No man's character stands higher than Mr. P——'s. I do not believe him capable of this crime! Now, consider what will be the visitation on you if it is proved that you have made this tale, and forged that paper."

"Base metal may shine for gold till the light comes," said the stranger. "My evidence is strong and clear. I have means to prove the tale I tell; but you will see, Mr. P—— will not put it to that; he dare not. From my heart I'm sorry for you, poor thing! but I cannot help your fate; and of the two I'm the greatest sufferer. Now, if you could bear to hear it I would tell you all about my marriage with him, and how it happened that we separated."

There was a manner about the stranger that told Milly that the tale, indeed, would prove too true; and though she strove to wear the air of incredulity, it was with sinking heart and blanched cheek that she listened to the history.

The stranger told how she was wooed and won, who formed the wedding-party—it was large and gay—who married them, how eleven of the fourteen persons who had been with them at church were living still, accessible and credible witnesses; how the rector had done them the honour to return and breakfast with them; how happily they had lived for some time after marriage, till a quarrel arose which engendered bitterness, and after a time ended in separation; how she had still loved her husband, and had several times proposed to return to him till, one morning, calling upon him to renew that proposition, she found the shop closed and he gone, after which, for some subsequent years, she could learn no tidings whatever concerning him; how, at length, almost accidentally, she had found a clue which she had followed up till she had ascertained the fact that, under the altered name of Mr. P——, he was living at G——, and carrying on a flourishing business; and, lastly how she had full evidence to prove the identity of Edward P—— with Edward K——.

Milly's hope that the tale was false had sunk to the lowest ebb; she could only answer,—

"If this is true, God help us both! I desire to be alone; but if you choose to wait here, you shall know when Mr. P—— returns."

She sought her room, locked herself in, and threw herself upon the ground crying "Lost! lost! disgraced forever! Oh, that I had died before my father in those days of innocence and joy!" Then a throb of fondness struck up in her heart—fondness for the guilty man who had crushed and blasted her. "Surely he will yet clear himself," she said; "or, if not, how strong the love that tempted him to do this!" Then indignation again, silencing affection, as she judged him guilty and herself the victim. At length she roused herself.

"I have no time to lose in vain lamenting," said she "I must take my resolution; I have need of all my spirit."

She sat down before the table, her head pressed against her hands, and thought.

"Yes," said she, within herself, "he may—he may be guiltless, and this is a fabrication. God grant it! If so, we are happy still, and this will be forgotten like a dream; but if it's true"—she drew a gasping breath—"there is one only course for me to follow, and I will not flinch!"

Her head was resting yet upon her hands, and the question which she had mentally asked a hundred times was yet again demanded there, when she heard her husband's key opening the house door. She went to meet him; he was coming gaily up stairs with a bouquet of beautiful green-house flowers in his hand.

"See what I have brought you, love!" he said, presenting them; "but how" (looking at her)—"what is the matter!—what is the matter, my own Milly!"

She took the flowers, put her arm within his, and drew him into a room.

"Edward," she said, "I shall believe you innocent and true, till you tell me with your own lips that you are false; but I have heard a dreadful tale; there is a woman waiting for you here, who says that she is your wife."

He looked confounded, but answered only,—

"Let me go—let me see her; I will return immediately and clear it all."

He went: a quarter of an hour passed,—another quarter, and he did not return. Milly went now to the door of the room where he and the stranger were together. It was bolted. She returned to her own. Another half-hour passed. She heard her husband's step; trembling seized her. He entered, and said—



"God forgive me, Milly, you never will! I have deceived you; she is, indeed my wife. I had hoped she never would appear again. I had no care for her, and when I saw you, I loved you with such a love that no power of mine could stand against it. Now, base as I have been to you, I pray you—with all my soul I pray you, not to leave me! I hope I shall be able to buy her off. Do not hate and loathe me, Milly!—Do not forsake me!—Be mine still!"

He wept and knelt—wept as Esau might have wept when he had sold his birthright, as the burdened heart has ever wept from Esau's days to these.

Milly wept too, but she answered, firmly,—

"I will not tell you that I hate you, I will give you no reproach to add to what your own conscience must feel; I will pray to God to forgive you, but stay with me I will not. I am disgraced and wretched, but I will not be guilty. She is your wife; I am a poor, deceived, unhappy woman, who must spend the rest of her sad days hidden and alone. Go, and tell her that I yield to her rights."

He prayed yet more earnestly, but it was vain; then, with a curse upon himself, a curse upon the woman whose chains were thrown around him—ay, and in the agony of that moment, a curse upon Milly too, he left the room.

Milly rang, and ordered wine and biscuits: they came. She helped herself. Then she opened her desk, and burnt some letters. Next she took from it such money as it contained—£45 within a few shillings: it had been recently paid in upon several bills. She paused. "I would fain leave it," she murmured, "but it is the means of life; I must take it." Again she paused:—"The means of life to myself and to my unborn child—I must take it." She placed the purse in her pocket. Next she collected together several ornaments which had been given to her before her marriage. "These," said she, "with the money, will save me from starvation till my baby's born and grown a little, and I can get my own livelihood." She took from her drawers such two or three articles of wearing apparel as she could make into a small bundle. She opened that drawer in which she kept the little garments which she had prepared for her expected infant. She shook her head mournfully, and shut it, taking nothing from it. "He shall see that!" thought she, "as I shewed it him last night." She then sealed up her keys, and directing the packet which contained them to Mr. P——, laid it on the table, put on her bonnet and cloak, and went quietly down stairs.

How she dreaded to meet a servant on the way, or a messenger, or a visitor!—but, most of all, how she dreaded to meet her husband! She met no one. She passed softly through the door and closed it softly after her, and spoke no farewell, and gave no second look. She strove to quiet her throbbing heart, and to still her maddening thoughts. She passed hurriedly up the street, her head unturned, her eye upon the pavement, lest she should meet the salutation of any of the friends of her past happy days, or catch the glance of any human eye; and though her downcast look saw no one, she fancied every gaze was turned upon her, and, under the suppositions scrutiny, she almost screamed. At that moment she was very near to madness.

At the first turning she shot off into a bye-street, and following the lanes and alleys to which it led, she reached the suburbs of the town. She continued her course upon the highroad for half-a-mile farther, and then a return post-chaise bound for the town of C——, twelve miles distant, overtook her.

She glanced round, and observing no person within sight, she beckoned the post-boy, and engaged him to carry her thither. Then, hidden behind the screen of those wooden walls, she wept,—bitterly, bitterly she wept.

At length a beggar on the road brought back her courage. The post-boy had stopped to water his horses, and a poor woman—herself blue with cold, and hunger, and sorrow, with a child strapped upon her back, another hanging at her breast, and a third shivering at her side—came up to the chaise-door, and told her sad tale. Her husband had forsaken her; she had no home, no hope, no friends; "and that I've brought these children into the world to share my misery with me," said she, "that makes it harder still to bear."

Milly gave her half a crown (such a benefaction the poor object had not received for many a day); never before had she felt such an earnest, thrilling sympathy with sorrow. "God help you," she said, "and help me too! Let me tell you, poor soul—for it may solace you to know—that there are people covered with decent clothes who carry under them as deep a heart's grief as yours."

Milly's thoughts had been drawn from herself—that did her service; and when they fell back again to her own case, she felt that there were some sharers of her nature visited with sorrows even deeper than her own, and something like a sense of mitigation stole into her heart.

As it was her object to secure concealment, she left the chaise before it reached the inn for which it was bound, and made her own way to another. There she learned that a coach taking the direction of Wales would pass at nine in the evening. By this she took her place to one of the towns of the principality, where she arrived at two in the morning.

A boots was still up at the inn at which the coach stopped. He shewed her into a parlour where she might remain till morning, and left her with a flickering light. She threw herself upon a sofa, and tried to sleep. It was vain. Sleep courts the happy and flies from sorrow. A short, uneasy doze was all she could procure. As she roused herself from that a moment, she hoped she dreamed! The events, so dark, so new, so rapid,—could they be the sleeping creation of the brain! Oh, that it had been so! "But it is real," she exclaimed,—it is real, and this is I, late the happy wife, but now disgraced and wretched! She pressed her face violently against the hard frame of the sofa, as if from the rude contact she hoped to draw relief for her sad soul; and thus, ill in body and afflicted in spirit, she waited for the day. "I shall die, perhaps," she thought, "for I feel very, very ill; and if I may find mercy from my God, how I could wish to be taken now! but if I live, I will live a Christian not a rebel." Then she put up a fervent prayer to Him who had sent upon her this sorrow, to give her strength to bear it with fortitude and submission.

When the soul by real prayer comes into contact with her God, she must grow calm. In that awful presence she dare not chafe and storm. As Milly long remained upon her knees, he wild madness of her spirit received a check, and she already felt something of the submission for which she craved.

Hers was not the idle ostentatious prayer of the hypocrite; it was the very language of her inmost soul, and her conduct was the tally of her prayer. From that time forward she exercised the patience and the fortitude for which she asked.

At eight she rang for breakfast; and then asked to see the landlady. That worthy made no hurry to attend her call. The young person came in by the night coach could wait her leisure. The leisure came at length, and a portly dame with a harsh face entered her parlour.

"Pardon me for disturbing you!" said Milly. "I wish to ask for information which you may better afford me than your servant."

A stern look, and "Oh, indeed!" were all the answer.

Milly went on,—

"I desire to pass a few months, perhaps longer, in this neighbourhood, and to

find some respectable farm-house where I may be received. Can you recommend me to one?"

The hostess glanced at Milly. "I comprehend the case," thought she. Milly writhed under the glance, but remained silent.

"I am acquainted with the people of a decent farm two miles off," said she; but whether they'd be willing— She stopped abruptly.

"I will try," said Milly. "Perhaps you might be good enough to give me a few written words to say you sent me to the house, and I shall be glad to take a gig or light cart and go directly?"

The landlady hesitated.

"Why, you see, miss—hem—"

Milly blushed. How the "miss" wounded her ear! Her eyes swam in tears. "Fortitude, fortitude!" she said within herself. The other went on,—

"Why, you see, miss, I can write a few words to say that being that a lady was asking me after lodgings, I told her that they had time past let them there; but being that Mrs. Jones is a very respectable woman, and she's acquant with me going twelve year and more, I'm bound to say that I know nothing of the case."

"That is all I ask," said Milly.

"Then that's what I'll do," said the hostess.

So the light cart was prepared, and, an hour later, Milly found herself at the door of a very neat but small farm-house, the bearer of a note addressed to "Mrs. Jones of Llandyvy Farm."

To Mrs. Jones she was fain to tell her tale; it was her only hope of procuring admittance into a house of respectability and virtue. She, however, gave only her Christian name, and concealed the name and residence of her betrayer.

Her tale met credit. She paid a month in advance, promised to do so constantly, and at once took up her quarters at Llandyvy. From thence she wrote to her sister and her aunt, telling them of her heavy grief. Her aunt's reply—misspelt and blotted, but legible—to Milly was the following:—

"My Poor, dere Child,—Wy did you go anny wares but To me! Did you think my Hart wood grow Kold to you because your lot grow Dark! You can Do no beter now than give up your Lodgings, and cum as Kwick as may bee to your Poor old Ant's home, and she'll do her best to cumfyt ye. Kepe up yur spirits, my girl; there's trubbles in life to all, moor than's bekownst to you nor me: it's Likewise sure to have trubbles Wich it Is to dreore breth. Now It hurts me to think that Evver I stud betwixt you and John, but it hurts me most To think that you didn't stay with me and keep clere of em all,—John as was so poor, and him as proves such a villun. But com home, luv, and we'll do the best we can, and ye may be a'most like a merry maiden agen. I am your affectionate Ant, and a'most belike yr. Mother,

MARTHA L.—

"P.S. John's back from America; he came back 3 week gone, findin' it not so easy to make way there as folk talk."

Her sister's letter, a day later, enclosed the certificate of her marriage, which she had already procured, and run thus:—

"My dear Milly,—What a shocking tale you tell, and how dreadfully you have been treated! I cannot tell whether I am most sorry for you, or angry against him.

"Now you must clear your honour and the honour of your family, and have your revenge upon him all in one. Take your fill of revenge upon the villain, it will be your best cure in your sorrow.

"You must begin the prosecution *directly*, and I will find you funds; and, instead of hiding your head in Wales, you cannot do better than go direct to aunt, who will be very glad to have you back again. As soon as I hear that you are safe with her, I shall come and see you, and bring a lawyer with me, who will direct us how to proceed. But keep up your heart, poor child; and never sink to the earth because a bad man has wronged you!"

Milly's replies were the following:—

"My dear, good Aunt,—Your kind letter touches me very much, and you may be sure how glad I should be to see you; but I can never shew my face in that village more. I could not even if John were not there. My spirit is broken, and I shall never look up again. Be secret about my sorrow, and never think to reproach yourself for the past. I am your very attached and grateful niece,

"MILLY L.—"

"My dear Sister,—You are very good to be sorry for me, and to offer me money for the purpose that you say. But I cannot prosecute him. I have called him my husband, and he is father to the child that I shall bear. Neither can I go back to my aunt. I shall never shew my head again. I hope your honour will not suffer for my misfortunes. Wishing you happiness that I shall never know again, I am your affectionate sister,

"MILLY L.—"

When Milly's aunt found that her niece could not be induced to return to her, she began to make up her little matters to go and end her days in Wales. But the thought of the poor girl, and of her departed brother's fondness for his child, were too much. "It's enough to call him from his grave," she would say. It was enough to send her to hers. The blood mounted to her head, apoplexy ensued, and she died within twelve hours of the attack.

When the sister found that Milly declined to prosecute, she wrote again to say, that it was due to herself and to her family to take that course, and that, unless she would consent to do so, she must not expect to be longer acknowledged or further helped by her (Mary), for that she would be held a disgraced and guilty woman, unless, by the verdict of a fair trial, she proved herself to have been an innocent victim to the villany of another.

Milly could not bring herself to prosecute. Had she any lingering affection to the man who had betrayed and ruined her? That was never told. But already the mother spoke within her soul, and she had all the sensitive delicacy of a shrinking woman. She could not come into open court; she could not fix that dreadful charge upon the man whom she had once called husband; she could not publicly brand her unborn child a bastard. "Let me live hidden and alone," she said, "and seek to win my way to heaven." She resolutely and decidedly declined to act upon her sister's requisition.

Mary kept her word, and renounced her.

In one short month, Milly had lost husband, aunt, and sister,—had fallen from affluence to poverty,—from a condition where she was held in honour, to one in which she lived by sufferance and blushed to shew her face. "Such may be, such are to some, the chances and changes of this mortal life!"

But the fortitude, resignation, and patient endurance of that sorrow-stricken woman, surely they will find reward in heaven! Perhaps, in the eyes of the Searcher of hearts, the Judge of virtue, Milly never had stood so high.

Near four months rolled away, and her child was born. Then once again she knew a troubled saddened pleasure,—yes, even under her circumstances, she found a joy in maternity! Was that last solace also to be abridged? Yes, so it must be. She must quit her child; her purse was growing low. She



must seek the means to maintain herself and him. She heard of a lady at some distance who was inquiring for a maid. She offered herself, told her affecting tale, produced the certificate of her marriage, and was accepted.

Under that lady's kind protection, and cheered by her true sympathy, the poor blighted Milly still lives.

Her son is provided for: she sees him twice in every year. She is resigned and cheerful, and, in her little way, a benefactress to the poor around. Many a cottage sufferer pours blessings upon Milly L.—

### MEMOIRS OF AN OLD SAILOR.

\*\*\*\*\* In February, 1797, I was appointed 3rd mate of the Houghton, Captain Hudson, bound for Madras and Calcutta. This was an unusual step of promotion, for a youth who had performed only two voyages to India, and for which I was chiefly indebted to my trip from St. Helena, in the Britannia, as I had then the command of a watch and other responsible duties, to qualify me for passing the ordeal of a rigid examination, preliminary to the appointment being confirmed by the Court of Directors.

I have little of general interest to record of this voyage, beyond the ordinary routine of daily duty, which is commonly so monotonous, that a journal of one voyage might, with slight alterations, serve equally well for any other. I recollect, however, that my own time passed most pleasantly on the outward voyage as there were many young and agreeable ladies among the passengers—some to rejoin parents or near relatives, or guardians; others again to enjoy the protection of their earliest and dearest friends, but all reported to be in search of husbands, as from the moment an unmarried girl puts her foot on board ship, for a voyage to India, she becomes liable to this construction of her motive. With regard to our fair passengers, in the Houghton, I can safely assert, that I do not recollect a single instance of any one who did not join a parent, or other near relation, on her arrival in India. The presence of ladies, not only relieves the tediousness of a long voyage, but greatly tends to the preservation of order and decorum on board, and consequently to the comfort of all. The pleasure of the party, however, suffered some interruption, by a singular case of lunacy, with which a remarkably handsome and accomplished Cadet became afflicted, soon after we quitted England.

The first symptom of this malady displayed itself, by his rushing among, and frightening the ladies, whilst walking the deck for air and exercise, a trick he appeared to take a particular zest in repeating. He soon however, became so mischievous, as to render it necessary to confine him to his cabin, and occasionally in a straight-jacket. His fits invariably returned with the full and change of the moon, but in the intervals, he was perfectly composed and agreeable, and apparently unconscious of his previous aberrations. Even at the crisis of his fits, there was such whimsicality in his tricks, mischievous as they often were, that it was scarcely possible to refrain from laughter. Some, however, were too serious to excite merriment, as upon one occasion, whilst attended in his cabin by a feeble old man, he was accidentally discovered in the act of twisting his pocket-handkerchief round the poor man's throat, and boasted of it as an excellent joke. On another occasion, though his hands were confined, he contrived to jirk a basin of hot pea-soup into his servant's face, laughing immoderately at the pain he had inflicted. These periodical fits continued until just before our arrival at Calcutta, when, without any apparent cause, they ceased, and I believe never returned; as the Cadet subsequently distinguished himself as an Officer in the Company's service, and became a general favourite in the corps to which he belonged.

Some time after we were moored in the Hoogley, I was awoke in the middle of the night, by a noise which, for the moment, absolutely stunned me. The ship trembled so much, that my first impression was she had blown up, nor could I conceive whence or how it arose. The report far exceeded that of the largest gun ever constructed. The following morning, however, cleared up the mystery. Two ships, the Royal Charlotte and Britannia, laden, and ready for sea, were at anchor lower down the river, and ready to sail on the following morning for England. The first mate of the Royal Charlotte had been on board the Britannia the previous evening, to make arrangements for their sailing in company, and had returned to his ship about 11 o'clock. Each ship had on board 500 barrels of gunpowder for the Cape of Good Hope, but, about 12 o'clock, the Royal Charlotte blew up, and I need scarcely add, that she and all on board, about a hundred persons, were blown to atoms, every turn of the tide bringing under our notice, pieces of floating wreck, together with heads, arms, and legs of the crew. Providentially, her Captain, with his passengers, were at some distance in a boat on their way to embark, and their lives were saved.

The cause of this horrible accident could not be doubted, as the gloom of the night was momentarily dispersed by frequent flashes of lightning. The Britannia had placed a number of wet swabs over her hatchway, with a view to prevent the lightning reaching the magazine. Whether similar precautions were taken by the Royal Charlotte, could not, of course, be ascertained; but it does not follow that such precautions would have warded off the fatal catastrophe.

Some idea may be formed of the violence of the shock from its effects. The hatches of the Britannia, which had previously been caulked down and otherwise secured, were burst open by the concussion, and she became so leaky on her voyage to the Cape as to render it necessary to remove the passengers to another ship, under an impression that the Britannia might sink before she could reach Table Bay.

When the explosion took place, the Second Mate of the Britannia, who slept in the great cabin, in his momentary alarm, darted headlong out of one of the cabin windows into the river, and, from the strength of the tide, would soon have been carried out to sea, had he not caught hold of a boat which happened to be towing astern.

A flue of one of the Royal Charlotte's anchors was subsequently found inland, probably a mile from the spot where the ship had been anchored.

Shortly after this accident I had a narrow escape of my own life. I was hard at work, in the ship's hold, on a very hot sultry day, at Diamond Harbour, when the prickly heat tormented me to such a degree that I could endure it no longer. I therefore jumped on deck, into my cabin, and made my servant throw a bucket of cold water over my naked body. This gave me immediate relief, but was speedily followed by a fever, which brought me to death's door, and from the effects of which I did not recover until after my arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, where we luckily remained about a month, during which time, thanks to the climate, the grapes, and good Mrs. Van Schoor's motherly care of me, I recovered sufficiently to resume my duties.

A few days after our departure from the Cape, a gloom came over the ship, in consequence of the death of Mrs. Perreau. She had been married shortly before we left Calcutta, where she was a celebrated beauty. Her reign, however, was short, as symptoms of consumption made their appearance, although

so insensible was she of her approaching end, that, on the morning of her death, she had fixed on the cap she meant to wear on her landing at St. Helena.

As no one on board had the heart to consent to the corpse being thrown into the sea, it was resolved to take the body on to St. Helena for interment; and accordingly it was deposited in a coffin, filled up with spirits, and placed on the poop. But it is hard to find a place of sufficient security on ship board for spirits, except the spirit-room. Still one would have thought that any place might have been secure, under the peculiar circumstances of this case. Incredible as the fact may appear, it is too true that the coffin was discovered to have been broached, and a portion of the spirits abstracted. I shall not dwell on this disgusting fact; suffice it to say, that the coffin was, for several reasons, then hoisted into the main-top; but even there it was not suffered to remain long undisturbed.

It was my middle watch, on a beautiful night, while sailing along through the south-east trade-wind, with all sail set, and every one on deck asleep, except the man at the wheel and myself, when I observed the main-top man creep slowly down the rigging, as if with a view to avoid me. On being asked why he quitted the top, he replied,

"I cannot remain in it any longer, Sir."

"And why pray?"

"Because, Sir, Mrs. Perreau has been running round and round the top all the watch."

"Poh! you simpleton," I replied, "return to your station immediately, or I shall be obliged to compel you."

"No, Sir," he said, "I will obey you in any other respect; but to return to the top I cannot and will not."

Nor had I the heart to carry my threat into effect. He was one of the best men on board, and had often, as a man-of-war's man, faced the cannon's mouth; but, like many a brave sailor before him, dared not face an imaginary ghost. I allowed him, therefore, to go about his business, and, on the following morning, the coffin was removed to the main hold, and the hatches secured in a way to satisfy even the frightened main-top man himself that the ghost would never make its appearance again above deck.

On our arrival at St. Helena, we had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing this interesting lady's remains interred with all due solemnity, in the presence of the Governor and other public functionaries, and of a large assemblage from the ships of the fleet.

After waiting in vain a considerable time at the island for convoy, we sailed, but in company with many other Indiamen, constituting altogether a force which might have bid defiance to privateers, and even to men-of-war, if not too large or too numerous. Our prowess, however, was not put to the test, as, notwithstanding our boasted capabilities for defence, we obeyed our instructions, and put into the Cove of Cork for convoy.

On reaching the anchorage, we found the Cove and its neighbourhood in a state of considerable excitement, which is not to be wondered at as our arrival took place in 1798, the memorable year of the Irish Rebellion. Cork and its neighbourhood, however, during our detention there, remained undisturbed, by any overt act of insurrection, although the aspect of affairs was threatening, particularly on the following occasion.

A large party was got up, of which I was one, consisting of passengers and officers from the several Indiamen assembled at the Cove, for a visit to Cork, in order to see the lions there. We were all mounted on horses, which were brought for hire to the beach, ready saddled and bridled, by hundreds. Having gratified our curiosity in the city, we returned to the hotel, and after partaking of an excellent dinner, dressed during our absence, we prepared for our return to the Cove. Horses were standing in the yard of the inn, saddled and bridled, and we instantly mounted them, and rode off. We had not, however, performed more than half our journey when we heard a trampling of horses in our rear, and the bawling of persons, calling upon us to stop. On looking round, and observing that the riders were all armed, we concluded that they were rebels. It was, however, too late to effect a retreat, as they were close at our heels, when, probably conjecturing the nature of our apprehensions, they loudly intimated that they were not rebels but friends, and very good humouredly proceeded to explain the mistake we had committed in taking their horses instead of our own, which they had mounted for pursuit and exchange. They were yeomanry, and after recovering their nags, treated the matter with great good humour and Irish fun.

Of course this adventure became a subject of no little amusement on our return to the ships, and soon afterwards we took our departure, leaving old Ireland, I confess, with much regret, as, in despite of the rebellion, her national character for kindness and hospitality was never better supported than during the Houghton's detention at the Cove, in 1798.

On my return to England in the Houghton, it proved too late in the season to obtain any promotion. I had, therefore, the prospect before me of waiting at home a year, doing nothing. In this dilemma, whilst brooding over my troubles, in company with the late Admiral Richard Dacres, then Captain of the Astrea frigate, and an old friend of my family, he turned towards me, and said, "I am on the point of joining my ship, in Yarmouth Roads. Follow me, and I will give you full employment during the interval of leisure from your own service. You shall do the duty of Lieutenant, and mess with the officers." I did not hesitate a moment in accepting this proposal, and within a week found myself on board, acting in that capacity.

I was equally delighted with the ship, my Commander, messmates, and duties, and when the time arrived for quitting her, I would willingly have exchanged the Company's for His Majesty's service, could I have got over the difficulty of serving six years in the Royal Navy, in order to pass for the rank of Lieutenant. The experience, however, I thus obtained was useful to me in after-life, and the scenes I witnessed were replete with excitement, and suitable to my taste and years.

Few men whose services have been limited to these piping times of peace, can form a just estimate of the services of those who were engaged in the war of the French Revolution. I do not particularly allude to the Astrea, as whilst I was on board her, no opportunity presented itself for any brilliant achievement, although her services were very far from being unimportant.

It appeared to me that Captain Dacres held a sort of roving commission limited to particular boundaries. But however this may be, it is certain that we were seldom in company with other ships of war, except when occasionally acting with the blockading squadron of the Texel; and even then the Astrea was generally detached, for the purpose of more closely watching the enemy's movements.

During the summer months our chief employment consisted in seizing and sending for adjudication vessels sailing under the Prussian flag, in defiance of the embargo enforced by the British Government. Sometimes we were engaged in carrying the subsidies to foreign Powers, and of one instance, whilst thus oc-



cupied, I was reminded, many years after the circumstance had altogether slipped from my memory.

The *Astrea* was at anchor abreast of Greenhithe, near Gravesend, for the purpose of taking on board, for the Emperor of Germany, £200,000 in Spanish dollars, packed in small barrels, worth about £500 each. I was on duty whilst these barrels were handed into the boat, and the Captain's Clerk, whose name was Vaux, rather a sharp young man, and of gentlemanlike manner, was engaged in taking an account of the barrels, as they were delivered, and which appeared to be perfectly correct, nor did I ever hear anything to the contrary until, some twenty years afterwards, I read "The Confessions of a Convict at New South Wales," whose name was Vaux, who proved to be the identical Clerk above-mentioned, and who, among his numerous sins, acknowledged that he had pilfered a barrel of Spanish dollars at Greenhithe, on the occasion I have referred to. By what legerdemain he contrived to get possession of the barrel unobserved I never could comprehend; but the fact cannot admit of a doubt.

We had nothing to boast of in the way of fighting whilst I remained in the *Astrea*, as the only shot fired at an enemy was from a musket, upon the following occasion.

At daylight, one fine morning, whilst cruising in the North Sea, a suspicious-looking vessel, schooner-rigged, was seen ahead, nearly hull down, to which we immediately gave chase, with a breeze which took us on towards her at the rate of eleven knots an hour; the schooner, which proved to be a French one, manœuvring in every possible way to get clear of us; and in this object she would have stood a better chance of succeeding, had she not, during the chase, shifted her mainsail for a larger one,—an operation by which she lost much valuable time, besides ultimately, owing to the strength of the wind, doing more harm than good. Still she held on to the last, trusting probably that, in the chapter of accidents, something might occur to favour her escape, which was not very improbable, considering the strength of the wind and the press of sail we were carrying.

It is a common saying among sailors, "a stern chase is a long chase," and so it proved to be in this instance. But in the course of the afternoon we succeeded in getting alongside the schooner, when she hauled down her colours, and took all sail in. Captain Dacres hailed, and directed the master to send a boat on board. He hesitated. There was an evident reluctance to comply with the order. The man who had hauled down the colours was observed to retain hold of the halyards, as if only waiting for the order to re-hoist them. Another had hold of the jib halyards, and was in the act of hoisting the sail, when a marine was directed to fire his musket, so that the ball might pass close to the man's head, without hitting him. This was no sooner done than the rope was dropped, and all hands on board the schooner turned to get the boat out.

A plot had been concocted, as was subsequently admitted, for making one desperate effort at escape, by wearing the schooner round under the frigate's stern, while she was hove to, with a view to try what could be done with her upon the wind. She proved to be an 18-gun privateer, with about 80 men on board, having left Dunkirk only a few days before we fell in with her.

She was commanded by a Scotchman, the severity of whose punishment, for fighting against his countrymen, we could not help pitying. Fifteen years before he left Dunkirk, he had become a naturalized French subject, previously to which he was married to a French woman, by whom he had a large family, and being reduced, by misfortunes in trade, to a state of poverty, he accepted the command of a privateer. These palliating facts, however, were of no avail in warding off the punishment which awaited him.

The winter of 1798 was perhaps the severest within the memory of man. The *Astrea's* station, during the greater part of it, was off the Texel, watching the Dutch fleet, then at anchor in the outer roadstead, waiting only for an opportunity to slip out to sea unobserved, in order to form a junction with the French fleet at Brest. The wind almost always blew from the land in strong gales. Our business was to work in shore during the day time, near enough to see what the enemy were about, and if under way, or making preparations for sailing, we were to bear up immediately for the British Admiral, and make our report accordingly.

Our Admiral would then invariably approach towards the shore, but no sooner did he make his appearance than the enemy returned to their anchorage. These were all moments of considerable excitement, and especially so on one occasion, when the whole of the Dutch fleet had got far beyond their usual distance before the British fleet hove in sight. They instantly retreated, but the two rear-most ships had a very narrow escape of being cut off, and were only saved by the intervention of some shallow water.

In order to maintain our proper position off the Texel, the *Astrea's* practice was, after working in shore by day, to lie to at night, with a large trawl out to windward, which was hauled in at every relief of the watch, while all hands were on deck; the trawl being generally loaded with turbot and other fine fish, for which the Dogger Bank is celebrated.

Notwithstanding this abundant supply of fish, however, we occasionally had to return to Yarmouth Roads for provisions and water; when such was the severity of the winter that the ship might have been mistaken for an iceberg, the masts, ropes, and hull being coated with frozen snow. This extraordinary degree of cold was yet attended with one advantage, as we were enabled to return to our station with a supply of dead stock sufficient to last throughout the cruise.

I am not aware whether any of my shipmates in the *Astrea* are still alive. Rear-Admiral Dacres has, I regret to say, long been dead. The only other officer whom I recollect, for many years past is also now no more.

The late Rear-Admiral Wise was then a smart little midshipman, and, as our families were acquainted, I took much pleasure in giving him such hints as my greater experience suggested for the discharge of his duties. I never met with him, however, but once afterwards, although I continued to watch with pleasure the progress of his honourable career, and more especially his brilliant services at the battle of Algiers. Shortly before his decease, I held a correspondence with him relative to a machine which I had invented, for lifting vessels, when afloat (of any size, from a cutter to a first-rate man-of-war), to the surface of the water, and retaining them in a safe position to be repaired; my object being to render it a substitute for a dry dock in those parts of the world where dry docks are not, and probably cannot be constructed, owing to an insufficiency of tide, such as the Mediterranean and many parts of the East and West Indies. So pleased was the Admiral with my invention, that he kindly offered to use his influence in bringing it under the notice of the Admiralty; and, had he lived, I should probably have availed myself of his offer, as I have the vanity to think it would have been well worthy of their Lordships' serious consideration, from the plan having been pronounced as being perfectly feasible by some of the most competent judges of its merits in the kingdom. The last letter I received from him, on this subject, was dated about a fortnight before his death.

There were some singular characters in the *Astrea's* gun-room. One in par-

ticular, Lieut. O'Neill, a lively Irishman, who was most anxious for advancement in the Service, but having no parliamentary or other interest to forward his views, all his efforts proved ineffectual. At length it came to his knowledge, as he said, that the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Spencer, with a view to the public convenience, as well as to facilitate the business of his office, had made a rule which he strictly adhered to, as far as practicable, to make himself acquainted with the substance of all official letters, addressed to him, on the day they were received, and of having all such as did not require special consideration answered by return of post. This rule O'Neill thought that he might possibly turn to his own advantage; and accordingly on the first of every month he addressed a letter to his Lordship, asking, in the most respectful terms (with some little variation, perhaps, in the language), for the command of a cutter; that being the height of his ambition, and, at the same time, in his opinion, the most modest request he could possibly make. On the third of every month, if O'Neill happened to be in port, he never failed to receive a courteous reply, though always in the negative. Nothing daunted, however, he still persevered; and at length, when Lord Spencer was on the second of the month, as usual, employed in casting his eye over the letters received, his attention became arrested by O'Neill's periodical epistle. Whether it was that his Lordship's patience was exhausted, or that he was amused by the pertinacity of the writer is not known, but certain it is that his Lordship turned to his Secretary, and said, "Let that man, O'Neill, have a cutter immediately; and never let me have another letter from him as long as he lives." Accordingly a cutter was given to him, and a remarkably fine one she was, as I can testify from ocular demonstration.

Another singular character in the *Astrea* was — Jones, the Lieutenant of Marines, a Welshman, who, having much of the fire of his countrymen in his composition, had always some scheme in his head for the destruction of the enemy; and being especially irritated by his daily peep at the Dutch fleet in the Texel, without ever being able to get at them, he concocted a scheme for blowing up the Dutch Admiral's ship as she was at anchor in the outer roads, which he forwarded in due course to Lord Spencer, together with an offer of his services towards carrying the plan into effect. By return of post he received a reply, commending his zeal, but declining his offer.

I recollect but one act of duty I ever performed, whilst attached to the *Astrea*, which gave me a moment's pain. We were at anchor in the Thames, when my old ship, the *Houghton*, came up the river, on her return from the voyage she had performed after I quitted her. On her name being announced, Captain Dacres turned to me, and said, "M—— I want a few hands. You must know every hole and corner in that ship; so go on board, and see what you can do for me." I went, much against my inclination, but luckily did not find one of my old shipmates, as they had all been taken out in passing through the Downs.

Soon after this occurrence, we returned to Yarmouth, and as the time was approaching when it became necessary for me to be in town, on the look out for promotion, in the Company's Service, I hailed a fishing-boat bound to London, with a fine fair wind, and taking my leave of the *Astrea*, jumped on board. The wind, however, proved not so propitious as I anticipated, so it took us nearly three days to reach Gravesend. In the meantime I had been living on excellent fish by day, and sleeping in the Captain's berth by night. On our arrival I asked what was to pay. "Why, Sir," the Captain replied, scratching his head, and looking askance, at my large chest, which stood on the deck, "I hope you won't think half-a-crown too much." I certainly did not; and on presenting him with half a guinea, he appeared to be in an ecstasy of delight.

Early in the year 1799, I was appointed Second Mate of the *Hugh Inglis*, Capt. Fairfax, bound to China direct. This was the most uninteresting and monotonous voyage I ever performed, as those to China direct commonly were. We had not a single passenger, either outward or homeward bound.

On our return from China we had to pass through the Straits of Allas, situated between Java and New Holland, where we anchored for water and refreshments. I was sent on shore for the purpose of communicating with the natives. The Surgeon of the ship accompanied me, together with an interpreter of the Malay language. On landing we procured a guide, who conducted us, several miles inland, to the residence of the Chief, who, having heard of our arrival, was accordingly prepared to receive us, whilst seated on a mat in the open air, and surrounded by a considerable number of the natives, armed with creases, a weapon universally worn by the Malays. We went purposely unarmed, but were received with courtesy, and having explained the object of our visit, we took our leave and returned to the beach, on approaching which I observed that the long-boat had, during our absence, been pushed off a considerable distance from the shore where she was at anchor, laden with casks of water.

I asked the Surgeon whether he could swim, as it was probable in walking towards the boat we should get beyond our depth. "I don't know," was his reply, "as I never tried." "Well, then," said I, "you had better not try now, as you may possibly be drowned. I will go on board, and with the oars of the boat will contrive something for you to float on. Accordingly I waded through the water, until I got out of my depth, when I swam to the boat; but on looking round, I observed the surgeon, at no great distance from me, upheld by two men, who it appeared had offered to swim with him to the boat, but who had overrated their swimming powers. I heard one of them say, "I must let you go, Sir, or I shall be drowned." He accordingly did so; but the other man continued to assist him for a few minutes longer, and then followed his comrade's example, upon which the poor Doctor exclaimed, "M—— come to me, or I shall be drowned." I could not resist the appeal, so I swam towards him, but being a much stronger man than myself, in his struggles to keep above water, my life must have been a sacrifice, had not the boat's oars been brought to our aid. I was carried to the nearest ship, in a helpless state, for recovery, which in the Doctor's case was not considered necessary; so that subsequently I had the gratification of reflecting that through my means his life had been preserved; although, poor fellow, but for a very short period, as not long afterwards he was married at Calcutta on one day and died the next.

#### BURNING OF MOSCOW.

"At length Moscow, with its domes and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."



"The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and Oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bedrooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city, when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern time commenced.

#### THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

"Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

"In the morning, Mortier by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

"He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke, and his hair and eye-brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and of flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempests had been succeeded by a day of tempests; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, wavering to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace, as if it were his empire.

"But at length the shout, 'the Kremlin is on fire!' was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron; he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

"When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear indescribable! A

mighty and close-packed city of houses, and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

"But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above these waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone, towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and again emerging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

The (N. Y.) American Review for May

#### BERMUDA.—NO. 4.

BY A FORMER RESIDENT.

The Bermudas lying in the 32d degree of north latitude—the same as Madeira,—being destitute of swamps, and but three or four miles in breadth, enjoy a salubrious and delightful climate; and although the weather is very hot from May to September, yet the air is pure, and when a person is not exposed to the direct rays of the sun, is far from oppressive. In addition to this, the indulgence and inactivity of the West Indies prevail here to a considerable extent; and consequently a corresponding good health and length of life, characterise the inhabitants of these Islands; to which their temperate habits doubtless contribute in no small degree. From the last of September to the last of April the weather is moderately cool, but is never accompanied with frost; it is much such weather as we have in New York early in October—two or three cold days, when the wind blows first from the Northwest, which are succeeded by others of sunshine. During this period the productions of the kitchen garden, such as cabbages, carrots, beets, beans, potatoes, salads, &c., are raised with ease, and come to maturity about the month of February. In the summer months, yams, sweet potatoes, and other productions of tropical and southern climates are cultivated to advantage. Large quantities of arrow root are also manufactured, and shipped from the island, of a quality not to be equalled in any other part of the world. Some very fine cattle are raised in Bermuda, but the supply for the army and navy is procured from the United States; and during the last war with this country, was obtained chiefly from Porto Rico—although American vessels even then found their way thither, under license from the Admiral, or the Governor of the Island.

The inhabitants of Bermuda are a kind-hearted people, very ingenuous and hospitable to strangers; and the female portion, although deprived of many of those advantages that are enjoyed in larger communities, are quite as attractive and well informed as others, who reside where greater facilities and opportunities for extensive intercourse exists; and callous must be that heart, which remains indifferent to their charms. It was to the prevailing fascinations of these fair daughters of Eve, that Moore alluded, when he spoke of his tendency to fall in love with the last woman he met in his daily rambles; and like others, heartlessly

"To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
To weep, yet know not why;  
To toy an hour with beauty's chain,  
Then throw it idly by."

As is the case in all maritime communities, where numbers of heads of families, "go down to the sea in ships," and perish in the waters, widowhood and a large proportion of females are to be found in Bermuda; and owing to an absurd practice, which formerly prevailed, where parents engaged young persons in matrimonial contracts, to be carried into effect during maturer years, not a few promising females have had their prospects blighted or their minds soured by disappointment, and have lived a life of single blessedness, who would have adorned the domestic circle, by forming conjugal engagements for themselves, and become the centre and source of happiness around them; while others, alas, from inexplicable causes, some friendly Marplot perhaps,

"Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd.  
For the heart that has slumber'd in friendship secure,  
Is happy indeed if 'twere never deceiv'd."

It is no uncommon occurrence, however, for the Bermuda fair effectively to captivate some susceptible stranger, or son of Mars or Neptune, who may venture within the vortex of their charms; and we recollect an amusing instance, in which the late Conqueror of Scinde played no insignificant although not a principal part. In the regiment which Sir Charles Napier at that time commanded, was an officer who became enamoured with a young lady, whom Moore, we believe, has designated as,—

"Little Fanny—artless thing."

With all her artlessness, however, she possessed a woman's tact, and had discernment enough to appreciate, secure, and reciprocate the affections of the



gentleman in question. It was well known in the regiment that the parties were to be married; but no conclusion could be arrived at as to the period, when

"The youthful maiden, conscious of her charms,  
Would fly with rapture to a husband's arms."

It happened, however, that one morning, as the Colonel was sauntering about on horseback, near the Church in St. George, he espied the wedding party just entering it. Away he galloped to the barracks, turned out the band, who proceeded at double quick time to the square, and commenced playing

"Come haste to the wedding."

The clergyman hearing this, made the ceremony as brief as possible; which being finished, all hands started from the Church with the band at their heels, followed by a concourse of strangers, whom the music had attracted to the scene. On another occasion, a charming young lady was married to a Captain in the Navy; and no sooner had the ceremony been concluded, than she went to the piano, and with much naivete, played,

"Off she goes!"

But we must quit the fairer part of creation to contemplate inanimate nature. In speaking of the forests of Bermuda, however, we must be understood in a limited sense; these cannot be extensive from the nature of things, and the trees almost entirely belong to a species of cedar, not to be equalled for durability, closeness of texture, or fragrance, by any other; although the lemon, the orange, and the pomegranate are frequently to be met with. Of the cedar the inhabitants build vessels for the merchant service; and at one time several sloops of war were constructed; one, the Sylph, was wrecked on this coast; and as early engagements are not so prevalent here as they were in Bermuda, one of her officers found a heart that was disengaged, which beat responsive to his own; and he obtained a wife by the disaster of his ship. To return from this digression.—The building of ships of war were soon abandoned by the British government; for although vessels built of cedar will last for a number of years, if kept afloat, yet should they strike the ground they will very soon go to pieces; and in action the wood splinters so badly, where a shot strikes, that more men were killed or wounded in this way than in any other. When the cedar is plained, or chipped, however long a period may have elapsed since the tree was felled, the wood is found to retain its original fragrance and beautiful purple colour; and so close is its texture, that a board will not shrink in the usual manner, although it will contract a quarter of an inch lengthways, in ten or twelve feet. The result is, that a tree may be cut down, sawed open, and fastened on a vessel's bottom so closely, as scarcely to require caulking. It is a very expensive wood, however, and the sterapost of the Sylph, to which we have alluded, was valued at eighty dollars. The frames, rafters, and joists of the houses in Bermuda are of cedar, as are in most cases the bedsteads,—owing to which the luxury of bed-bugs is quite unknown to the inhabitants of the Somers' Islands. The trees are regularly cultivated, about twenty years being required for their growth,—they average large and small £1 each. On each tree there is a number, and a corresponding one in a book, kept by the proprietor of the land, where its age and size is registered; a person wishing to purchase one of these, explores the ground, noting down the number of those trees which may suit him, and on returning to the house, the owner upon consulting his book fixes a price.

The sea about Bermuda abounds with a great variety of fish of the finest flavour, from the ponderous rock fish or grouper, down to the delicious angel fish and delicate anchovy. The first of these are so very powerful, as to require great muscular strength to secure them, and lodge them in the boat. They are cut up and sold in slices, and make a delicious stew. The chub is another favorite fish, in appearance resembling the sheep's head, but when cooked as they are accustomed to cook it in Bermuda, is equal to turtle; and the angel fish when fried with drawn fresh butter poured over it, might almost entice a London alderman across the Atlantic, who would think himself amply repaid by enjoying the repast. These and other descriptions of fish of finest quality, abound around the Bermudas, and with which the markets are regularly supplied. Excursions are often made by young persons, who take much pleasure in capturing "the scaly natives of the main."

About February whales resort to the Bermudas, where they feed on what they find among the coral rocks; and numbers of them are taken annually by the crews of boats fitted out for the purpose, in which occupation the coloured people are very expert. The whale is extensively used as an article of food; and as the Bermudians dress it, is very excellent eating—particularly the grampus or young whale, which, when fried, resembles veal cutlet. When a whale is struck, either at the east or west end, at both of which there are establishments, the cry is raised by persons on shore that "the whale boats are fast;" and immediately those who are curious proceed to some neighbouring eminence, whence they can witness the death of this huge inhabitant of the deep,—which frequently takes place so near the shore, that the discolouration of the water he spouts up, caused by the wounds he has received, can be perceived with ease. As soon as the animal is killed, it is towed into the harbour, where kettles are erected to extract the oil; and persons flock thither to obtain pieces of the flesh—for such it may be called—which when fried with herbs, after the oily particles have been removed, is not inferior to an ordinary beefsteak; yet such is the force of prejudice that, as respects both grampus and old whale, strangers are reluctant to admit that they have mistaken them, when dressed for the table, for veal or beef.

The only subject of an aquatic nature that remains to be noticed, is the Bermudian sail-boat, which has been much admired even on the Thames. They are of various sizes, from 12 to 20 feet keel,—but like the larger vessels are un-

usually long on deck in proportion. Being built of cedar they are very buoyant, and require to be well ballasted with pig iron. They draw much more water aft than forward, and consequently are worked with much ease, which is essential in the intricate navigation about the islands. They are a very safe but wet boat, owing to the dead weight of the ballast which they carry; they generally have one sail—the larger boats occasionally carrying a small jib. The sails all taper to a point at the head, the mast being very taut, which is requisite owing to the sudden and heavy squalls that are common at Bermuda, particularly during the months of March and September,—as the slightest lowering of the sails reduces the pressure aloft, and relieves the boat. When sailing a race, which is a favorite and manly amusement, those persons who are engaged in it, take to the ground masts and sails of different dimensions, from which they select according to the weather. Great pains are taken to fit boats to sail races, their bottoms and sides being scraped and polished till they are as smooth as a mahogany table; after which, a coat of grease is applied, a select crew put on board, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, not one of whom is visible except the helmsman, so fearful are they of obstructing the progress of the boat, when she is on a wind. The race is sailed twice to windward and once to leeward, bets are often laid to a large amount, and the closing scene is one of much excitement; although generally unattended with the ill-feeling and immoralities that abound on the turf.

We recollect but one instance where the contrary was the case, and where considerable acrimony was caused, owing to a mistake in running the race, which prevented the best boat from rounding the weather stake boat in the first instance; hence, according to strict rule, she lost the race. But there was such a dead beat when she went round, after working to windward, the second time, that she was declared to have won the prize. This decision, however, did not please the sticklers for rules, and the incipient ill-feeling thus created, manifested itself at a dinner, which was given in the afternoon. The result was two or three duels; one of the parties in which, a medical man, having shewn the white feather, was cut by his messmates, and had to return to England. He subsequently went to Paris, where he is said to have succeeded in obtaining a good English practice, and became a man of property; like his brother officer of the Sylph, profiting by misfortune.

We must reserve our description of the different towns in Bermuda, its delightful scenery, and cavernous structure, for another paper; which will complete our brief, but we trust not uninteresting description of "the still vexed Bermoothes."

E. W.

## Miscellaneous Articles.

### AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The amusing correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, tells the following.—"One of our most celebrated painters had made, with the view of exhibition at the Gallery, the portrait of a lady, whose fortune had enabled her to occupy a very brilliant position, and who had been, for a long time regarded as one of the most beautiful women of Paris. Unfortunately, this reputation is one of such long standing, that it is already on the wane. The lady in question has already reached an age to which no one is ever willing to acknowledge, however much it may have been extolled by the witty pen of Balzac. The dusty files of the Civil Registry kept the secret of her summers, which she concealed as well as she could, with wonderful skill, and by her great endeavors to be as attractive as in times past. Paris is a place of great resources; ointments for all wounds are to be found there, as well as admirers of all ages. Our heroine maintained her pretensions bravely; her vanity was tolerated, and being desirous of giving publicity to her attractions by an exhibition at the Louvre, she had her portrait painted. She prepared her best looks for the purpose, wearing her most becoming dress, assuming a position most favourable to her charms, seated before her toilet table, leaning negligently on the arm of her chair, and smiling upon her own reflection in the mirror, which of course was to be most complimentary to her charms. The painter sketched a most striking likeness; in doing so, he did just what he should not have done. A little more flattery, and a little less exactness, would have been far more acceptable. The perfectness of the likeness made her less willing to recognize its merits. The model declared she could not see any likeness in it, and the painting was left on the hands of the unfortunate painter.

This was a double wrong to our artist. Attacked both professionally and pecuniarily, the painter had not sufficient resignation to enable him to look on coolly and see a portrait worth a thousand crowns left on his hands. A way to be revenged, or rather to do himself justice, presented itself to his mind, and he set himself at once about putting it in execution.

A few days before the time fixed for offering paintings for the exhibition at the Louvre, the lady who had refused to take her portrait was informed by some friend that the rejected portrait had received sundry additions, of a character far from complimentary. She immediately repaired to the studio of our artist. The portrait was still there; the likeness of the face as perfect as ever; only the painter had somewhat the brows dismantled, and the person so faithfully represented, was holding in her hands two bunches of false curls. Upon her toilet table were found several vials, upon which were legibly written these words:—*'white lead,' 'vegetable rouge,' 'a cosmet for the removal of wrinkles,' 'waters for dying the hair.'* Then in the midst of all this artillery, could be distinctly seen three billets, signed by three different christian names.

"This is abominable!" cried the lady; "it is all a tissue of calumnies!"

"Of what do you complain?" replied the painter very coolly. "Have you not insisted that there was not the least likeness of yourself here? You were perfectly right. This is no likeness of yours, it is a mere fancy sketch, and as such I mean to exhibit it."

"What, sir? Do you mean to exhibit that painting?"

"Certainly, madame, I mean to exhibit it as a fancy sketch, as the catalogue will show, in which you will find it set down under the title of—*A Coquette of forty fée.*"

At this last blow the lady went into hysterics. As soon as she had recovered herself, she hastened to effect a compromise with the painter. The painter effaced before her own eyes the offensive additions, and the painting, restored



to its original condition, was purchased at the price originally stipulated, three thousand francs.

#### WHY IS THERE EVIL AND SUFFERING IN THE WORLD?

The answer to this is to be found in the nature of human beings. There is one thing which even to the Deity is impossible. The self-existent cannot make another self-existent, and what is not self-existent is bounded; for there is an antecedent and a greater power, and what is bounded is imperfect; for there is something which it does not know, and, therefore, it can commit errors. Now, experience shows us that there is no happiness but in voluntary action. To make a being capable of a high degree of happiness, then, he must have a free and intelligent will; and thus he is akin to the Deity, and capable of tasting the same felicity. This necessarily imperfect being, therefore, has a complete freedom of choice—consequently the power of erring in his choice. What, then, would be the course pursued by unbounded benevolence to preserve him from error? Would it not hedge him round with difficulties at every step towards that wrong path—with inward discomfort, pain, and a long train of evil consequences to prevent him from pursuing it? Would it not school him, as a parent does his child, by allowing him to suffer for his thoughtlessness, to make him wiser in future? An imperfect being might not know how to prize or to enjoy the divine felicity, till taught its worth by having tried in other directions, and found himself wrong. Is there, then, actual evil in the world, if we except that of the perverse will of man? I think a short consideration will show that there is not. I think that there is no man who has attained middle age who will not acknowledge, that in the irremediable events of this life, there has always been either a grief avoided or a good to be gained, if he chose to lay hold on it. A friend, the beloved above all others, dies, perhaps; is it long before we can see cause to thank Heaven that he is safe from the evil which he would otherwise have had to endure from evil men? His death has changed all our views and aims. Do we not find, that in this change of views and aims we have gained more than an equivalent for what we have, after all, lost but for a time? We have gained, probably, a farther power of doing good; have formed fresh connections, over whom we may exercise a beneficial influence; are becoming more capable of intellectual happiness ourselves, and of leading others to enjoy it; more assimilated to God, and more fitted for a joyful reunion with those whom he has taken to himself. If our conclusion as to the real nature of man be just, then what passes in the short span of bodily existence is but one part of a great whole; and in passing through that state, which is the school of our intellectual nature, enjoying pleasure while pursuing the right course, and suffering pain when following the wrong one, we are only undergoing a necessary preparation for a higher degree of happiness; after which, having gained the experience necessary to enable us to choose aright we may find in the bosom of the divinity, and in the society of others perfected like ourselves, the entire felicity which we have sighed for.—*Small Books on Great Subjects: Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experience.*

#### COLERIDGE IN THE ARMY.

Mr. Coleridge now told us of one of his Cambridge eccentricities, which highly amused us. He said he paid his addresses to some young woman, who rejecting his offer, he took it so much in dudgeon, that he ran away from the university to London, when, in a reckless state of mind, he enlisted himself as a common man in a regiment of horse. No objection having been taken to his height or age, and being thus accepted, he was asked his name. He had previously determined to give one that was thoroughly Kamtschatkian, but having noticed that morning over a door in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the name "Cumberbatch," he thought this word sufficiently outlandish, and replied "Silas Tomken Cumberbatch," and such was the entry in the regimental book. Here, in his new capacity, laborious duties devolved on Mr. C.; the drill sergeant, after using his utmost efforts to bring his raw recruit into something like training, expressed the most serious fears, from his unconquerable awkwardness, that he never should be able to make "a proper soldier of him?" Mr. C., it seemed, could not even rub down his own horse, which, however, it should be known, was rather a restive one. He overcame this difficulty by bribing a young man of the regiment to perform the achievement for him; and that on very easy terms; namely, by writing for him some "Love Stanzas," to send to his sweetheart! The inspecting officer of his regiment, on one occasion, was examining the guns of the men, and coming to one piece which was rusty, he called out in an authoritative tone, "Whose rusty gun is this?" when Mr. C. said, "Is it *very* rusty, sir?" "Yes, Cumberbatch, it is," said the officer, sternly; "Then, sir," replied Mr. C. "it must be mine!" The oddity of the reply disarmed the officer, and the "poor scholar" escaped without punishment. Mr. Coleridge in the midst of all his deficiencies, it appeared, was liked by the men, although he was the butt of the whole company. There was no man in the regiment who met with so many falls from his horse, as Silas Tomken Cumberbatch! He often calculated with so little precision his due equilibrium, that, in mounting on one side (perhaps the wrong stirrup), the probability was, especially if his horse moved a little, that he lost his balance, and if he did not fall back on this side, came down ponderously on the other; when the laugh spread amongst the men, "Silas is off again!" Mr. C. had often heard of campaigns, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service. He was indeed a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract notice. Some years after this, he was riding along the turnpike road in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and (quite mistaking his man) thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.: "I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?" "Yes," replied Mr. C. (who was never at a loss for a rejoinder), "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet a *goose*!" The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on. Some mitigation was now in store for Mr. C. arising out of a whimsical circumstance. He had been placed as a sentinel at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment, near Mr. C. talking about Euripides, two lines from whom one of them repeated. At the sound of Greek, the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, "I hope your honours will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines," when he gave them in their more correct form. "Besides," said Mr. C. "instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the 'Edipus of Sophocles.'" "Why, who the d—l are you?" said the officer, "old Faustus ground young again?" "I am only your honours' humble sentinel," said Mr. C. again touching his cap. The officers hastened into the room, and inquired of one and another, about that "odd fish" at the door; when one of the mess told them that he had had his eye upon him, but he would neither tell where he came from, nor anything about his family of the Cumberbatches; but, continued he, "instead of being 'an odd fish,' I suspect he must be a 'stray bird' from the Oxford or Cambridge aviary." They learned, also, the laughable fact, that he was bruised all over by frequent falls from his horse.

"Ah," said one of the officers, "we have had, at different times, two or three of these 'university birds' in our regiment." They however kindly took pity on the "poor scholar" and had Mr. C. removed to the medical department where he was appointed assistant to the regimental hospital.—*Cottle's Early Recollections of Coleridge.*

#### MINUTENESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glass, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that, in all probability, human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organization! Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give anything like a definite notion of the minuteness of some of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts, and appreciate mentally the value of each division: having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure microscope beings. Neither is it easy to give the student of nature, who has not accurately investigated the subject for himself, adequate conceptions relative to the numbers in which the infusoria sometimes crowd the waters they frequent; but let him take his microscope, and the means of making a rough estimate at least are easily at his disposal. He will soon perceive that the animalcule inhabitants of a drop of putrid water, possessing, as many of them do, dimensions not larger than the 1,200,000th part of a line, swim so close together, that the intervals separating them are not greater than their own bodies. The matter, therefore, becomes a question for arithmetic to solve, and we will pause to make the calculation. The *Monas termo*, for example—a creature that might be pardonably regarded as an embodiment of the mathematical point, almost literally without either length, or breadth, or thickness—has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and in water taken from the surface of many putrid infusions, they are crowded as closely as we have stated above. We may therefore safely say, that, swimming at ordinary distances apart, 10,000 of them would be contained in a linear space of one inch in length, and consequently a cubic inch of such water will thus contain more living and active organised beings than there are human inhabitants upon the whole surface of this globe!—*Rymer Jones.*

#### A MAGNIFICENT ORNAMENT.

The great sacristy of the Cathedral of Toledo contains some good paintings, particularly the ceiling by Giordano—a modern tomb of the late archbishop, Cardinal of Bourbon, and a series of narrow doors, within which are recesses. The first of these contains the crown and bracelets of the Virgin of the Sagrario; in four others are preserved magnificent ornaments of silver, representing emblematically the four quarters of the globe. Each quarter is personified by a figure invested with the attributes which characterize the region she represents, seated on a large silver globe, on the front of which is traced the quarter represented. The globe is supported by figures of animals. In the last of these recesses is seen the sword of Alonzo the Sixth, who won Toledo from the Moors. It is small, and unornamented, except by a hilt of embossed silver, on which the arms are repeated four times.

In the smaller sacristy within, are several good pictures, but not so remarkable as to prevent their being eclipsed by the splendid robe of the virgin of the neighboring Sagrario, here exhibited, extended flat on a semicircular board, such being the form of the garment. No one knows the value of this treasure. During the Peninsular war, the archbishop, in order to spare the French generals too great a temptation, conveyed it, together with whatever else deserved the precaution, to Cadiz. It is embroidered almost entirely with pearls, on a tissue of silver; but none of the silver is visible without separating the pearls, diamonds, &c. with the fingers. Most of the larger pearls possess the irregular sort of beaten shape often observed in the best specimens. Some are enormous. Numbers of diamonds, rubies, and other stones are admitted in the upper part, to vary and enliven the effect of the different designs of the embroidery. In another case is extended the front-piece, worn together with the robe, which is open in front. The robe sits nearly in the fashion of a lady's cloak, but perfectly stiff, and widening as it descends, so much as to make the figure assume the appearance of a triangle, of which the base is longer than the two other sides. The opening in front corresponds with the outline of the two sides, being wider below than above, although not in as great a degree. The opening is occupied by the front-piece, which is much smaller than the robe, but still more valuable, being principally worked in brilliants. It contains also every variety of precious stones, introduced as their colours may happen to accord with the design.

In addition to these is shown the dress of the Bambino, similar in materials to the two others; but the pearls and diamonds more equally distributed. But the marvel of this costume is the crown. This ornament adds to the splendour of its materials, the most exquisite and elaborate workmanship. It would require hours to appreciate the labor and taste displayed in all its details. Marshal Soult, could he but see it, would order masses for the soul of the prelate who spared him such a temptation. The diamonds, especially those which compose a cross surmounting the centre, are of the purest water, and immense size.

But in the midst of the dazzling and harmonious intricacy of this gem of all colours, there is a centre of attraction, which took my fancy more than the rest. Immediately under the centre ball (an immense spherical emerald, which supports the diamond cross) is a small bird suspended on a hook within the crown. All the parts of this bird are composed of white enamel, except the body, around which the wings, legs, neck, and head are attached, and which consists of a pearl of an oval form, about the size of a sparrow's egg. The movement of the statue during a procession keeps the bird (hanging from its hook) in constant agitation, and produces the effect of a living bird enclosed in a cage of precious stones.

A pair of bracelets, possessing no less magnificence than the crown, but rather too heavy and bulky to be graceful, are suspended in the same recess,



and worn on the same occasions. It should not be forgotten, as a proof of the judgment shown in the choice of ornaments, which, as far as regards the front, consist principally of diamonds, that the complexion of the Virgin of the Sagrario is more than dark—in fact, quite black.

Wells's Antiquities of Spain.

**The Sikh Guns.**—I wish you could see our captured guns; they are, indeed, a noble sight. I hope some of them will be sent to England—they are well worth it. I rode into Ferozepore some days ago for the purpose of seeing them all together, and of taking a *quieter* look at them than I had had before. They are drawn up, and form a street several hundred yards long, upon entering the fort, and present a most formidable appearance. Thousands of people flock to see them daily, and are much astonished at their grotesque appearance. Many of them are very extraordinary, and look as if they had been designed and manufactured in the infernal regions—carved, cut, painted, and embossed all over, in the quaintest way imaginable. They are all brass, and of enormous metal, so that the 9 and 12 pounders will carry as far as our 18's and 24's. The Sikhs regard all their guns with great veneration—some of them indeed become so sacred, that they are worshipped as deities; but as our trophies, they are now again common brass. They are handsomely mounted on carriages fitted up with burnished steel, and look remarkably well. There is one huge monster in particular, the wheels of whose carriage are 10 feet high. The gun is very old, and having gone through all the Punjab wars for the last 100 years without a defeat, had received the name of "Futty Gung"—"Victorious in battle"—and was brought against us as a certain winner. They had covered him with mystic rings, chaplets of flowers, painted deities, and everything they could think of to make him acceptable to the god of war: but the pampered "Futty" had run his career, and become "unfaithful to his salt," not, however, till the carnage beneath his wheels rivalled that of Juggernaut. The enemy fought and defended him most desperately, and when the last man fell, and the gun was spiked (at a very critical period of the action), the circumstance was reported to the Commander-in-Chief, who almost flew out of his saddle with ecstasy. The men, delighted with their success, gave three cheers, charged the next battery with renewed spirits, bore down everything before them, and have given this sacred gun the name of "Tipperary Joe," in honor of his excellency Sir Hugh Gough, who is an Irishman.

Letter in the *Deviex Gazette*.

**Sir Walter Scott's First Illness.**—We had the pleasure, during our stay at C—, of meeting a lady who was closely connected with Sir Walter Scott, and who had passed much time with him towards the latter end of his life. We were much interested with the information and anecdotes connected with him, which she communicated to us. I shall here introduce one which I remember well, partly from the character of the narrative itself, and partly from the impressive feeling and manner with which the sad reminiscence was detailed. It concerned the first attack of paralysis with which Scott was visited. He was at that time in Edinburgh, writing and working with the utmost assiduity—indeed an assiduity far beyond the faculties of man with safety to sustain—in order to clear off the large amount of pecuniary embarrassments, in which, through the well-known failure of his publishers, he was himself so deeply involved. She told me how he used to sit at his table in his parlour in Edinburgh, and would scarcely stop writing for tea, which was brought to him at his work, or for other interruption of any kind whatever. These labours went on for some time, and were more than usually arduous, during a period of bad weather, which continued for three weeks. During this time, he scarcely left home; but, when it was ended, he was one day absent for some time from the house. On his return, he was seized with an apoplectic or paralytic seizure, and shortly after appeared in the drawing room, where she and his daughter were sitting, with a countenance marked with anxiety and distress, such as she had never seen on those features before. All at once he exclaimed, "I was speechless for ten minutes." I believe that was his first seizure, or stroke—the forerunner of his other succeeding afflictions. Not very long after, she saw him sit down at his desk, take the manuscript in which he was engaged, and was lying there before him, roll it up, look on it for awhile with an expression which clearly spoke the feeling of his heart—the sad anticipation that his work was done—then lock it up in silence. I know not how I have repeated the account; but this I know, that I have seldom heard any thing more touching than the narrative itself, as recorded to me by one who was the loving and sympathising eye-witness of the scene.

Rev. F. French's Scotland.

**Madame Castellan.**—Accounts from St. Petersburg state that Castellan has been indisposed, but only for a short time, although she grew visibly thinner. Her improvement as a singer has been immense—whether as regards facility of execution or depth of dramatic sentiment. At her departure, the emperor made her a present of a magnificent brooch.

**Globe of the Moon.**—Madame de Witt, of Hadover, has finished a globe of the moon, on which she has been engaged for the last twenty-two years. It is a truly marvellous work of art, setting forth with minute particularity all the discoveries made in or on the moon up to the present time. It is a millionth part of the size of the lunar planet, and, when lighted, represents that luminary as it would appear through a powerful telescope. The German papers state that the Royal Astronomical Society of London has purchased Madame de Witt's wonderful globe.

Literary Gazette.

**A French Blunder.**—The *Revue Britanique*, in its last number, commits one of the richest blunders I have had the good fortune to laugh at for a long time. In a life of Nelson, it describes the immortal hero's preparations for the battle of Copenhagen; and says that, after those preparations were completed, he went in his gig with some of his captains to reconnoitre the Danish fleet, adding an explanatory foot-note to the effect that the aforesaid gig was—"a sort of cabriolet!"

Correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*.

**Discovery of a Cave at Gibraltar.**—A few weeks ago, the chief-justice of Gibraltar had some workmen employed at his house; and whilst one of them was digging near the dining-room window, he perceived an opening, which he found was very deep. He, with some others, and the chief-justice himself, ventured down this aperture, and, after descending about 40 feet almost perpendicularly, they came to a very narrow passage, which led to a most beautiful cave; stalactites hanging about as white as snow, and of various forms—some like cauliflowers. In the midst of all this was a human skeleton, sticking fast to the rock, and the bones of a dog beside it, both having become petrified. The chief-justice's house (which is an old one) is built immediately over the cave. I walked out on the 4th instant to examine the bones. It is quite melancholy to see the skull; the water has dropped on the lower jaw till it has run down and hardened, giving it

the appearance of a beard. Some parts are quite petrified. The scalp still remains, and the veins on the left side are very distinct. It is just like stone, and is chipped here and there, so that the bone of the skull appears through very white, in some places like ivory. The nose, likewise, has not quite decayed, and the remaining parts are also stone. The bones of the right hand were fastened to the right side of the head, so that the poor creature has the appearance of having lain down and died, very probably of starvation, with his hand under his head, which is half turned round, as if he or she had been looking up. The entire set of teeth were beautifully perfect, but the front ones of the lower jaw dropped out when it was moved. There is some of the back-bone, arm-bones, leg, ribs, and thigh; in fact, I believe they have them all complete. The bones of the dog lay beside the human bones.

Literary Gazette.

Mrs. Anderson, the eminent pianist, has been appointed by her Majesty instructress to her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.

**Milan.**—The great tenor Claudio Bonoldi, born in Plaisance, has just died, at the age of 62.

Dohler, the pianist, has been elevated to the rank of Noble by the Duke of Lucca. This renowned artist is about to marry the wealthy Russian heiress, Mdle Eliza Scheremetjew.

### VULGARITY.

It is one of the pleasant features of modern times, that the humbler classes are no longer condemned to the exclusive possession of the title of the Vulgar. They were peculiarly the vulgar of all times down to the present, because amongst them, almost solely, were vulgar feeling and vulgar manners exemplified. The term is no longer appropriate, because it is at once found that many persons of lowly station are not vulgar, and that many are so who move in a superior walk. This is coming to a right point; the truth being, that vulgarity is a character of mind, our possession of which is very much the result of natural endowment, and only in part, though doubtless in large part, dependent on circumstances.

A thoroughly vulgar person is—like the poet—born, not made. He is vulgar in his cradle—as a schoolboy—a young man—all through life. No matter what his original rank, or into what rank his intellect or good fortune may carry him—vulgar he must ever be. His manners, his speech, his style of ideas, will always be gross, and requiring excuse. He will be a scoffer at courtesy and politeness, and give his thoughts only to mean things. Such persons become a curious study. We see a man rise by dint of some force of character favourably placed towards circumstances, by successful business, by talent as a literary man or artist, or in public service; and he accordingly comes to mix continually with refined persons: and yet never is the original rusticity worn off; never do his coarse voice and broad accents soften; never does he acquire the tact necessary to make his converse pleasant to his associates, and to enable him to steer clear of their delicate points. It seems as hopeless a case as that a hempen bag should be converted into a silken purse. Or we see a man rise, and acquire, as he rises, all the courtesy and refinement proper to his new condition, while his wife remains fixed in her original vulgarity. Not a profusion of the best dresses, not an elegant home, not the reflection of better things from her well-educated children, will refine such a woman. She stands by the side of her husband as a memorial of his native status, and a memento to keep him humble in mind; much the same as if one grown to manhood were to walk with some piece of his original baby-linen pinned to his clothes, to remind him that he had once been a suckling.

On the other hand, we often meet with persons in very humble circumstances, of whom we say at once, This is one of nature's gentlefolk. It is not in any aping of the manners or habits of living of the higher classes; it is not in the avoidance of a provincial dialect; it is not in any peculiarly clean or neat style of dressing. Frugal or expensive habits, in proportion to means, have nothing to do with it. It has no reference to good or bad fortune in life. It lies in the tone of the mind, as shown in speech and act. Such an exemption from vulgarity is often the more surprising, as having no visible dependence on education. The kind of person spoken of may have had little of what passes under this name; may even be wholly illiterate; and yet is (as the case may be) a lady or a gentleman. We thus see all the more in how great a degree vulgarity is an inherent quality.

It was pointed out, in a very interesting manner, in Grant's *Letters on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, that these mountaineers, in their native purity, were courteous and refined, notwithstanding the indigent circumstances in which they mostly lived. A Highland cottager observed such delicacy of discourse, that he put in the apologetic 'saving your presence' on mentioning anything in the least degree sordid or unworthy, as a person exercising a humble kind of trade, or a churlish person, or any act bordering on vulgarity. The poorest duny weaver sustained a natural dignity of deportment, which prevented him in discourse from trenching on vulgar things. His daily life was elegant poetry in action. The same absence of vulgarity has been remarked in the Arabs and American Indians: they may be impulsive, fierce, revengeful, but they are never vulgar. These circumstances led a living writer to speculate upon vulgarity being the vice, not of uncivilised life, but of a certain stage of civilisation. 'Its seat,' said he, 'is not among mountains and wild pastures, but in comfortable trading towns and cities of gay manufacturers. The very savage has noble and refined manners, compared with the mechanic and auctioneer. A man who, in the course of one year, performs the functions of a soldier, a hunter, a shepherd, a fisher, and of twenty different mechanical arts beside—who roams, in the course of his employment, over a great tract of various country, and has occasion to study, however superficially, so many of the laws of nature, the habits of animals, and the characters of men—must necessarily have his mind more stored with ideas, must be more disposed to communicate them, and must think more highly of himself than the dull mechanic, who scarcely ever sees the open face of heaven or of earth, but spends his whole life in a dungeon, putting heads on pins, or points on nails, or tossing a shuttle alternately from one hand to another. The writer then goes on to observe that the point of civilisation now reached has not only made the tradesman actually and absolutely an inferior being to the hunter-peasant of ancient times, but puts him in a lower place as compared with the superior classes. He comes not, as formerly, into the presence and company of the more refined, so as to obtain benefit from their example. Finally, great stress is laid upon the effects of the good laws and powerful police which it is the tendency of an advanced age to establish; these, he thinks, take away from those motives to a guardedly-courteous behaviour which exist at a time when every man is liable to be answerable for his words with his life. This speculation shows the delicacy and acuteness of thought characteristic of its author; but it does not appear sound. He has not adverted to the fact, that there are many examples of the primary stage of civilisation in which there is no such notable exemption from vulgarity as is found in the



of the Scottish Gael, the tent of the wandering Arab, and the wigwam of the American Indian. In attributing importance to the fact of the Highlanders having lived much in the company of their chiefs, he has forgot to tell us how the chiefs acquired refinement. Nor are we informed how the French who have so good a police, should nevertheless be remarkable for politeness. We have now begun to look deeper for the causes of such peculiarities, and to think they may be found in characters originally appertaining to race. The Celt seems to be everywhere a courteous being. The French, who are four-fifths Celtic, show it as well as the Scottish Highlanders. Poor Patrick himself, amidst all his looped and windowed raggedness, is always allowed to possess a natural good breeding. The Teuton, again, from whom come the bulk of the English and Lowland Scottish commonalty, is an honest fellow, with an immense tendency to hard work, wealth-gathering, law-making, jury-judging, and so forth, but comparatively little disposed to cultivate refinement of speech and manners. The connexion of vulgarity with mechanical pursuits may thus be regarded, not as resulting the one from the other, but as being common results of one kind of character. As to which race possesses the qualities upon the whole most conducive to national greatness and individual happiness, there can scarcely be a question; and we therefore the more freely remark on the drudge spirit of our race. It may be asked, if we do not still see the original relation of the homely Saxon to the half-Celtic Norman in the worship which the trading Englishman is so apt to pay to wealth and rank—assuredly the most vulgar feature of his character.

Although vulgarity and non-vulgarity are thus, we think, established as inherent peculiarities, not necessarily or absolutely dependent on circumstances, it is equally certain that the mass of ordinary persons will be vulgar or otherwise according to the external influences acting upon them, and their inclination to submit to or resist these influences. Where there are mean and slovenly habits of life, a grovelling set of tastes and ideas, a coarse and careless style of elocution, individuals are, for the most part, apt to contract the same, unless some spirit, either inherent or acquired, set them upon an opposite course; in which case we shall see them exemplifying the gentleman and lady character in the midst of comparative barbarians. It is always difficult to resist such influences; but, on the other hand, it is difficult for vulgar persons to stand out against the influence of one who is continually holding up an example of better feelings and better manners in their presence. The majority are equally liable to be swayed both ways. There is always, therefore, good hope for the diminution or abolition of vulgarity, so that only the proper agencies be duly brought to bear upon it.

Amongst these may first be cited the natural refinement and dignity of spirit which attaches to a few out of the mass. It is a spirit apt to be sneered at by mean and jealous souls; the prudent sometimes fear it as a thing leading to expense or to false positions in society. Let it rather be received as one of the general emanations of a judicious Providence, designed to advance men out of their original savagery and squalor. Let it be fostered within all reasonable limits, as circumstances may dictate; and, even when associated with vanity or affectation, let it still have fair-play. On the other hand, let those who feel such aspirations within them, endeavour so to act as to avoid raising prejudice against their superior tastes. There is an important mission in its own way; and they are concerned to fulfil it to the best of their power.

Another means to be looked to for the correction of vulgarity, is the progress of intellectual improvement among the masses. Men of all ranks are now becoming readers. Reading will give them notions above those which they find prevailing generally in the workshop and behind the counter. They will think; and thought will raise them out of the mire of rude and vulgar things. The connexion ordinarily observed between vulgarity and a totally-uncultivated and inapt state of the mind, is what we would chiefly insist upon as a reason for this expectation. Take the matter of speech alone as an illustration. Hear the clown speak, and what a relaxation of all the vocal organs attends the enunciation of his words. His language is a drawl, issued from some wrong part of his throat, through a pair of loosely-hung lips, denoting, with his vacant look, an utter unpromptitude of brain. Here is vulgarity of speech in its perfection. Listen again to the sharp, whose vocal organs appear in a totally opposite condition, who clips his words, and utters twenty in the time employed by the clown in pronouncing one. This man is vulgar too; perhaps more vulgar than the poor. But this is because his better part of mind is as little cultivated. He is only sharp in the knowing faculties, in acquisitiveness, and in the skill of guarding himself against the paltry sharpening and swindling to which in his daily life he may be exposed. All that could give him true elevation of mind, or true taste in discourse, is as dead in him as in the man of clods. It is only when we arrive at the man whose reflecting faculties and higher sentiments have been duly cultivated, that we find a mode of speech which we can consider as not vulgar. And what makes this the more clear is, that the dialect, or assemblage of words, is not at all concerned in deciding the non-vulgarity. Provincial terms will not seem inelegant when used by the man of cultivated intellect.

Scott illustrates this point well when describing his Mrs. Bethune Balfour, who is understood to have been a real person. Her dialect was Scottish, often containing phrases and words little used in the present day. But then her tone and mode of pronunciation were as different from the usual accent of the ordinary Scotch patois, as the accent of St. James's is from that of Billingsgate. The vowels were not pronounced much broader than in the Italian language; and there was none of the disagreeable drawl which is so offensive to southern ears. We have often heard Scotch of this kind, and can easily see that its freedom from vulgarity is owing to the cultivated condition of the mind using it. The words are materialities indifferent to the case; it is the character of mind, which we apprehend from the manner of speaking, that determines us in pronouncing the discourse vulgar or otherwise. Hence we can entertain no doubt that the mental cultivation going on in the present day must tend to diminish vulgarity. It will yet be found that the mechanic, condemned to a comparatively narrow course of routine in his trade, not necessarily condemned to the vulgarity which the Edinburgh Reviewer attributed to him, but may be, to all intents and purposes, a gentleman—yes, we speak advisedly, a gentleman—if he have sufficient opportunities for improving his mind, and take advantage of them.

We may also look for aid to this good cause in other revolutions now in the course of silent accomplishment. Increased facilities for travelling, by enabling the many to see other places besides their own, will materially help to break down those prejudices in which, perhaps as much as in anything, vulgarity consists. That grand school of vulgarity, the tavern, will gradually sink under the temperance cause, and the effects of the throwing open of parks, gardens, and museums to the public.

It is to be hoped that any vulgar person will read this paper, and read it to an end! Should such be the case, let us beseech him to admit into his mind, and make a reality there, the maxim, that all vulgarity is simply so much deducted

from the pleasantness of life. A rational delicacy is as cheap, or cheaper; and wherever it is, it is a well of refreshing water, making all around to smile.

### THE BATHS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

The baths of the Romans have been frequently and elaborately described, but we think the following historical sketch, extracted from M. Corbel Lagneau's recently-published *Traité Complet des Bains*, contains many points of interest, some of which are not familiarly known.

The use of the bath has existed, in all probability, from the beginning of the world, since it is founded in the most natural wants of man. The necessity of maintaining the cleanliness of his person, of defending himself from the heat of a burning sun, and of seeking refreshment after the fatigues of the chase, war, or labour, must have taught him, from an early period, the advantages derivable from bathing. But in barbarous ages, in which art had as yet accomplished nothing for the conveniences of life, men merely plunged into rivers, streams, fountains, and other natural reservoirs of water. They were far from dreaming of the erection of apparatus by means of which they might be enabled, as at a later period, to take their baths at any time, season, or place, and of an agreeable and salutary temperature. Doubtless the discovery of hot springs, which must have existed then, as in our own times, at various parts of the earth's surface, suggested to them the happy idea of communicating different degrees of heat to the water they employed, and of erecting more commodious and less dangerous receptacles. It was amongst the nations of the East, the earliest reapers of the benefits of civilization, that industry and the arts made the first efforts to satisfy the wants of men, and perpetuate the taste for, and employment of, warm baths. The custom was carried from Asia to Europe by the colonists, who successively established themselves in Greece, Italy, Iberia, and Gaul.

Greece knew the use of warm baths in the time of Homer, for mention is made of them in several passages of the writings of that poet; and among others, where he depicts the delicious life led in the palace of Alcinoüs, and when he relates the reception given to Ulysses by Circe. Among the Greeks, the Lacedæmonians were the first, according to Thucydides, who adopted the custom, borrowed from Asiatic nations, of appearing naked at the public games; anointing themselves with oil, and covering themselves with sand, prior to the contest, and then plunging into hot baths. But the employment of baths in private families was not even yet very general in the time of Hippocrates. This prevented his recommending the bath in many diseases which called for its adoption. As to the public baths, they formed part of the *gymnasia* to which they were attached.

The Romans were accustomed, in the early period of the republic, after a day employed in labour in the fields, to wash only the arms and legs; and every ninth day, when they came to the city, to be present in the assemblies for state business, they bathed the entire body. At that period the Tiber or neighboring streams formed their bathing resorts, vapour and hot-water baths being scarcely known to them. It was only at a late period they thought of establishing public or private baths. The city, by reason of its situation on hills, presented great difficulties for the conveyance of water. It was not until about four hundred and forty-one years after the foundation of Rome that water was brought, for the first time, from Tusculum, by means of an aqueduct constructed by the censor Appius Claudius. Aqueducts were multiplied afterwards; and baths, or *therme*, were constructed in various parts of the city, characterised as yet by the ancient Roman simplicity, as may be seen from the description of that of Scipio Africanus, left us by Seneca.

The new custom which the Romans adopted towards the last years of the republic, of attaching baths to the *gymnasia*, rendered them indispensably necessary; and the frequent application which physicians, from this period made of them in the treatment of disease, powerfully contributed to the increase and embellishment of these salutary and useful structures. But it was not until the reign of Augustus that they began to give to their warm baths that air of grandeur and magnificence which is yet to be observed in the ruins which remain. The public baths should, in fact, be justly considered as the most remarkable structures of the Romans. Their founders were princes, who, in their anxiety to conciliate the good-will of the people, endeavored to surpass all that had been executed before their time. To conceive a just idea of them, we should examine the plans of the principal edifices, as traced by Palladio. In beholding his designs of the bas-reliefs and pictures which adorned the walls and ceilings, we are at once astonished at the perfection of the objects they represent, and at the exquisite purity of taste which then prevailed in the arts. Much more than this; we find ourselves forced to acknowledge that all the efforts of modern art, in the decoration of our palaces, museums, and churches, are in general but servile imitations of the wonders which the baths of Agrippa, Nero, Titus, &c. offered, near two thousand years ago, to the admiration of the Roman people. The rarest marbles, precious vases, bronzes, columns, statues from the chisel of the greatest masters, and gildings skilfully applied, contributed to the brilliancy of the interior of these gigantic monuments.

It is difficult to enumerate the immense number of uses they were devoted to. Beside the vast basins, and the thousands of recesses (the *therme* of Dioclesian contained three thousand) appropriated to the different baths, there were found there theatres, temples, amphitheatres, palaces, festive halls, vast open promenades planted with trees, schools frequented by youth, academies where learned persons assembled for discussion, and libraries to which every one might freely resort.

The most complete establishments contained numerous apartments devoted to the various processes connected with an elaborate system of bathing. The bather, after having undressed, was conducted into the *unctuarium*, where his body was freely anointed with strong oils; afterwards, in an adjoining apartment, it was covered with fine sand or powder. He now repaired to the *sphæristerium*, an immense hall or rotunda, in which he engaged in wrestling, or other gymnastic exercises calculated to develop physical power. When the locality admitted of it, the *sphæristerium* was uncovered, and exposed to the sun; or rather, in the best-appointed baths, there were two *sphæristeria*. The various games were continued until the sound of a bell announced that the vapour and hot-water baths were ready. To these the crowd of bathers now proceeded, each person taking his seat on a marble bench, placed below the surface of the water, around immense basins, wherein swimming might be executed when agreeable. While here, they diligently scraped the skin with a species of ivory or metal knife, termed a *strigilis*, by which they detached all impurities from the surface. The *tepidarium* or tepid bath, and *frigidarium*, or cold bath, were finally employed for a short time, for the purpose of bracing the pores of the skin, relaxed by so long a proximity of moist heat. Before dressing, those who desired to employ perfumes again repaired to the *unctuarium*.

The baths belonging to private persons differed, of course, from those de-



voted to the service of the public, as each person followed his own taste in their construction. The same apartment sometimes served for various purposes; and the modifications of form, &c. were as numerous as those of the fortune and the luxurious taste of their proprietors. It was, indeed, the fashion to exhibit an almost insane luxury; and thus we find Pliny addressing severe reproaches to the ladies of his time, who covered the floor of their baths with silver.

The baths of the ancients, although usually built after a similar plan, yet offered a notable difference. At Rome, even in the most splendid establishments, the greater portion of the extent of the edifice was appropriated to baths, properly so called, which obtained for them the name of *thermæ*, from the Greek word *thermos*—heat. But with the Greeks the gymnasium occupied almost the entire structure, the bath itself being but of very limited dimensions. This difference exhibits the passion for bathing which seized the Romans towards the end of the republic, and continued to possess them until the fall of the empire.

At first, the public baths were only opened at two o'clock in the afternoon, and closed at five: the sick alone having a right to enter them at any time. Latterly, the emperors, wishing to conciliate the people by their favourite amusement, ordered the doors to be opened sooner, and closed later. Nero had them opened at twelve; Alexander Severus allowed the baths to be entered from the break of day, and even furnished, at his own expense, lamps and oil for lighting them. From that time the Romans may be said to have passed their lives at the baths. They frequently bathed twice a day; and hot water constituted one of the indispensable elements of their existence. We must not, however, attribute this singular passion exclusively to fondness of bathing. The desire and hope of meeting with friends, of discussing the topics of the day, and passing the time agreeably, were no less powerful motives.

Pliny relates a fact which proves the singular jealousy with which the Romans regarded all relating to their baths. A statue of a bather, scraping himself with the strigilis, was placed in front of the *thermæ* of Agrippa. It was executed by Dysippus, and of such marvellous beauty, that Tiberius, who admired it more than any other statue in Rome, had it removed to his bedchamber. The populace, unable to bear the deprivation, covered him with insults until he had restored it.

One of the greatest largesses an emperor could confer on the people, on an occasion of public rejoicing, was to decree gratuitous admission to the baths. So great was the passion prevailing for this pastime, that when Rome was labouring under fear, and mourning on account of frightful calamities which had afflicted her, Titus, in order to dissipate these, ordered the rapid construction of the *thermæ* and amphitheatre which bear his name.

Of all the Grecian people, the Laodæmonians were the only ones in whom the gymnasia and baths were common to both sexes. The ancient Romans were far from following such an example, and carried modesty so far, as to consider it improper that a father should appear at the same bath with his son, or even son-in-law. Later, however, the corruption of manners made such progress, that in the reign of Domitian, women and men bathed pell-mell together. This custom, then generally adopted, was afterwards prohibited by Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius; again tolerated by Heliogabalus; and finally abolished by Alexander Severus.

The baths were frequented indiscriminately by persons of all ranks. The noblest and richest persons there found themselves mingled with the poorest plebeians. The following anecdote, related by Spartian, leaves no doubt upon this point. The Emperor Hadrian, he says, frequently bathed with a crowd of the people. One day he perceived an old soldier, who, having no person to cleanse his skin for him, contrived a substitute by rubbing his back against a wall. Hadrian, who had known him in the field, inquired why he did this. He replied, because he had no servant. The emperor immediately ordered him some slaves and a pension. The news of so benevolent an action, performed before so many witnesses, quickly spread into every part of Rome; and the next time Hadrian came to the public baths, several old men did not fail to be there also, and endeavour, by the same means, to attract the notice and generosity of the prince. But the emperor, who had remarked the contrivance, far from treating them as he had done his old companion in arms, caused strigiles to be distributed to them, and ordered them to employ them by assisting each other.

It was not only the city upon the seven hills which contained public and private baths. They existed in all the towns of Italy, and in the palaces of nobles and freedmen. They were found also in all the Roman provinces. In our time even, it is easy to perceive the vestiges of the Roman *thermæ* in every country which formed a portion of the empire.

The greater number of these magnificent edifices, which, during the most illustrious period of the empire, had constituted the pride and delight of Rome, were destroyed by the Vandalism of the barbarian hordes. Those which were not pulled down were otherwise employed, or, being no longer repaired, gradually fell into ruin. Baths, which formed one of the requisites for the effeminate and luxurious life of the Romans, were, for the warrior and invading nations, mere means for the preservation of cleanliness. Thus the new conquerors were satisfied with taking a bath, as in the time of Scipio; and their slight taste for luxury never inspired them with the idea of erecting monuments resembling those which decorated the ancient city of the masters of the world. Utility and cleanliness were the only objects held in view in the construction of the *thermæ*, which were henceforth erected in Italy or the other countries of Europe. We find, by the 'Ephemerides Troyennes,' that baths were much frequented during the whole of the middle ages, until the sixteenth century—the epoch at which the use of linen became general. After giving a description of the ruins of the *thermæ* which remained at Troyes, Groseley adds, 'the barbarism of the middle ages not being able to attain magnificence, confined itself to the convenience of the public baths, and other establishments, which were erected in Europe. The idea was due to the Arabs, among whom the arts and sciences had found an asylum. The crusades and commerce had opened up to Europeans the countries which flourished under the rule of this people, and the natural taste for imitation did the rest. The vapour and public baths were, for a long period, as much frequented in Europe as they are at the present day in the Levant. People were attracted to them for the sake of health and cleanliness; but, above all, from the want of society felt by persons who saw little of each other except in these places. Some took water baths, others vapour baths; while several came only to gossip, comfortably protected from the cold. For these last, the baths were what the stoves of Germany, the *restamnets* of Holland, and the cafes of Paris, are to this day.' M. Marchangy, in his 'France in the Sixteenth Century,' says, 'It was only at the baths, at church, or in sickness, that women ever saw each other. The men also assembled at the baths, the barber's, the wine-shops, and

the market-places. There were private baths in the hotels; and persons asked to dinner were at the same time invited to bathe.'

By St Foix's 'Historical Essays on Paris,' we find that the seigneurs and great ladies took a bath daily prior to dining, and that the citizens took several a week. 'The use of vapour baths,' he says, 'was formerly as common in France, even among the common people, as it is, and has been in Greece and Asia. They went to them almost daily. St. Rigobert caused baths to be built for the canons of his church, and supplied wood for heating them. Pope Adrian recommends the clergy of each parish to go to bathe, in procession, every Thursday, singing psalms the while.'

As in the times of the Roman emperors, the promiscuous assemblages of the two sexes leading to immoral conduct, gave rise to ordinances and statutes, which were not always strictly obeyed.

Although the increasing use of linen has much diminished the hygienic necessity of the bath, and has occasioned the ruin and neglect of the establishments of the middle ages, yet public establishments have not ceased in our times to become multiplied on every side—thanks to the salutary counsels of medicine, the progress of civilization, and the amelioration of the material comforts of the masses. Thus there is not a street in Paris, of any importance, which does not contain several baths; and although we find new establishments springing up every day, all, in spite of the number and proximity of rivals, seem to increase and prosper, giving, as it were, the measure of the necessity of an intelligent and enlightened population. It is thus, by spreading through all ranks of society, that this usage has already produced the most satisfactory results as regards the public health; and, by its happy influence, has diminished, among others, the number and severity of the affections of the skin, which no longer, as heretofore, exhibit at every corner of the streets this disgusting aspect of human infirmities.

**The Eclipse**—We yesterday (25th April) announced a splendid eclipse of the sun, which was advertised to come off in this city at 9 o'clock, 4 minutes, 12.9 seconds, by which all the world, and our bull-dog, were to be enchanted. We were, on Friday night, in a state of great excitement upon the subject. Next to the performances of Blitz, and the vote on the "notice," we look upon an eclipse as a matter of transcendent interest. We resolved to be prepared for a full report this morning, and consequently kept an accurate journal. Here it is:

Friday night, April 24, half-past 10.—Finished the Mexican news, and started home—met a crowd with music, from the Fourth Ward—was carried away to parts unknown.

12 o'clock.—Home—remembered the eclipse—broke a window to get pieces of glass—upset an astral lamp, and burnt our fingers in trying to smoke them—perseverance conquers all things—got a candle from the kitchen, and succeeded in getting the glass and our hands both well blacked.

April 25th, 8 o'clock, A. M.—Found ourselves in bed—cloudy morning—terrible head-ache—boots badly blacked—cut chin in shaving—kicked up a row generally. Breakfast, however, was tolerable, and good humor partially restored.

9 o'clock.—Raining like fury—some one stole our cotton umbrella—never mind—sacrifice everything for science—wrapped the pieces of glass in an old newspaper—4 minutes 12.9 seconds to spare—started for the dog—found him fighting for a bone, and spectacles broke—no use—took out the smoked glass, and looked for the sun—saw the clouds, felt the rain, and mistook a little negro boy in an upper window for the man-in-the-moon. This was a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Drenched to the skin—about to give up in despair, when we were gratified to learn, from the gentleman who fixed Good Friday a week in advance, that the Eclipse had been postponed on account of the weather. So we have a chance yet.

N. O. Delta.

## UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

WASHINGTON, MAY 11.

The long expected message from the President in relation to Mexican affairs, was expedited by the intelligence from the army of occupation, received here on Saturday evening.

The committee on military affairs of the House, met yesterday, and considered the subject; and the President gave it to be understood that he would send a message to Congress, on the subject, to-day.

The Message was communicated to both Houses at 12 o'clock.

It recommends that Congress recognize the state of War existing between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, and provide for its prosecution in such a manner as will bring it to a speedy close.

This recommendation has been carried out by the House, in the bill passed to-day. The Senate, as will be seen, referred the message to the Committees on Foreign Relations and Military Affairs.

Some intimations were thrown out in the Senate, that the United States had invaded Mexican territory, and that the blood shed rested on this government. In the Senate to-day, as soon as the Journal had been read, the following message from the President of the U. S. was received and read:

### PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MONDAY, 4 O'CLOCK, P. M.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

The existing state of the relations between the United States and Mexico, renders it proper that I should bring the subject to the consideration of Congress. In my message at the commencement of your present session, the state of these relations, the causes which led to the suspension of diplomatic intercourse between the two countries in March, 1845, and the long-continued and unredressed wrongs and injuries committed by the Mexican government on citizens of the United States in their persons and property, were briefly set forth.

As the facts and opinions which were then laid before you were carefully considered, I cannot better express my present convictions of the condition of affairs up to that time, than by referring you to that communication.

The strong desire to establish peace with Mexico on liberal and honourable terms, and the readiness of this government to regulate and adjust our boundary and other causes of difference with that power on such fair and equitable principles as would lead to permanent relations of the most friendly nature, induced me in September last to seek the reopening of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Every measure adopted on our part had for its object the furtherance of these desired results. In communicating to Congress a succinct statement of the injuries which we had suffered from Mexico, and which have been accumulating during a period of more than twenty years, every expression that could tend to inflame the people of Mexico, or defeat or delay a pacific result, was carefully avoided. An envoy of the United States repaired to Mexico



with full powers to adjust every existing difference. But though present on the Mexican soil, by agreement between the two governments, invested with full powers and bearing evidence of the most friendly dispositions, his mission has been unavailing. The Mexican government not only refused to receive him, or listen to his propositions, but, after a long continued series of menaces, have at last invaded our territory and shed the blood of our fellow-citizens on our own soil.

It now becomes my duty to state more in detail the origin, progress, and failure of that mission. In pursuance of the instructions given in September last, an inquiry was made, on the thirteenth of October, in 1845, in the most friendly terms, through our consul in Mexico, of the minister of foreign affairs, whether the Mexican government "would receive an envoy from the United States intrusted with full powers to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two governments;" with the assurance that "should the answer be in the affirmative, such an envoy would be immediately despatched to Mexico." The Mexican minister, on the fifteenth of October, gave an affirmative answer to this inquiry, requesting, at the same time, that our naval force at Vera Cruz might be withdrawn, lest its continued presence might assume the appearance of menace and coercion pending the negotiations. This force was immediately withdrawn. On the 10th of November, 1845, Mr. John Slidell, of Louisiana, was commissioned by me as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico, and was intrusted with full powers to adjust both the questions of the Texas boundary and of indemnification to our citizens. The redress of the wrongs of our citizens naturally and inseparably blended itself with the question of boundary. The settlement of the one question in any correct view of the subject involves that of the other. I could not, for a moment, entertain the idea that the claims of our much injured and long suffering citizens, many of which had existed for more than twenty years, should be postponed, or separated from the settlement of the boundary question.

Mr. Slidell arrived at Vera Cruz on the 30th of November, and was courteously received by the authorities of that city. But the government of Gen. Herrera was then tottering to its fall. The revolutionary party had seized upon the Texas question to effect or hasten its overthrow. Its determination to restore friendly relations with the United States, and to receive our minister, to negotiate for the settlement of this question, was violently assailed, and was made the great theme of denunciation against it. The government of Gen. Herrera, there is good reason to believe, was sincerely desirous to receive our minister: but it yielded to the storm raised by its enemies, and on the 21st of December refused to accredit Mr. Slidell upon the most frivolous pretexts. These are so fully and ably exposed in the note of Mr. Slidell of the 24th of December last to the Mexican minister of foreign relations, herewith transmitted, that I deem it unnecessary to enter into further detail on this portion of the subject.

Five days after the date of Mr. Slidell's note, Gen. Herrera yielded the government to Gen. Paredes without a struggle, and on the 30th of December resigned the Presidency. This revolution was accomplished solely by the army, the people having taken little part in the contest; and thus the supreme power in Mexico passed into the hands of a military leader.

Determined to leave no effort untried to effect an amicable adjustment with Mexico, I directed Mr. Slidell to present his credentials to the government of Gen. Paredes, and ask to be officially received by him. There would have been less ground for taking this step had Gen. Paredes come into power by a regular constitutional succession. In that event his administration would have been considered but a mere constitutional continuance of the government of Gen. Herrera, and the refusal of the latter to receive our minister would have been deemed conclusive, unless an intimation had been given by Gen. Paredes of his desire to reverse the decision of his predecessor.

But the government of General Paredes owes its existence to a military revolution, by which the subsisting constitutional authorities had been subverted. The form of government was entirely changed, as well as all the high functionaries by whom it was administered.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Slidell, in obedience to my direction, addressed a note to the Mexican minister of foreign relations, under date of the 1st of March last, asking to be received by that government in the diplomatic character to which he had been appointed. This minister, in his reply, under date of the 12th of March, reiterated the arguments of his predecessor, and in terms that may be considered as giving just grounds of offence to the government and people of the United States, denied the application of Mr. Slidell. Nothing, therefore, remained for our envoy but to demand his passports, and return to his own country.

Thus the government of Mexico, though solemnly pledged by official acts in October last to receive and accredit an American envoy, violated their plighted faith, and refused the offer of a peaceful adjustment of our difficulties. Not only was the offer rejected, but the indignity of its rejection was enhanced by the manifest breach of faith in refusing to admit the envoy who came because they had bound themselves to receive him. Nor can it be said that the offer was fruitless from the want of opportunity of discussing it: our envoy was present on their own soil. Nor can it be ascribed to a want of sufficient powers: our envoy had full powers to adjust every question of difference. Nor was there room for complaint that our propositions for settlement were unreasonable: permission was not even given our envoy to make any proposition whatever. Nor can it be objected that we, on our part, would not listen to any reasonable terms of their suggestion: the Mexican government refused all negotiation, and have made no proposition of any kind.

In my message at the commencement of the present session, I informed you that, upon the earnest appeal both of the Congress and convention of Texas, I had ordered an efficient military force to take a position "between the Nueces and the Del Norte." This had become necessary, to meet a threatened invasion of Texas by the Mexican forces, for which extensive military preparations had been made. The invasion was threatened solely because Texas had determined, in accordance with a solemn resolution of the Congress of the United States, to annex herself to our Union: and, under these circumstances, it was plainly our duty to extend our protection over her citizens and soil.

This force was concentrated at Corpus Christi, and remained there until after I had received such information from Mexico as rendered it probable, if not certain, that the Mexican government would refuse to receive our envoy.

Meantime, Texas, by the final action of our Congress, had become an integral part of our Union. The Congress of Texas by its acts of December 19th, 1836, had declared the Rio Del Norte to be the boundary of that republic. Its jurisdiction had been extended and exercised beyond the Nueces. The country between that river and the Del Norte had been represented in the Congress and in the convention of Texas, had thus taken part in the act of annexation itself, and is now included within one of our Congressional districts. Our own Con-

gress had moreover, with great unanimity, by the act approved Dec. 31st, 1845, recognised the country beyond the Nueces as a part of our territory by including it within our own revenue system; and a revenue officer, to reside within that district, has been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. It became, therefore, of urgent necessity to provide for the defence of that portion of our country. Accordingly, on the thirteenth of January last, instructions were issued to the general in command of these troops to occupy the left bank of the Del Norte. This river—which is the south-western boundary of the State of Texas—is an exposed frontier. From this quarter invasion was threatened; upon it and in its immediate vicinity, in the judgment of high military experience, are the proper stations for the protecting forces of the government. In addition to this important consideration, several others occurred to induce this movement. Among these are the facilities afforded by the ports at Brazos Santiago and the mouth of the Del Norte for the reception of supplies by sea, the stronger and more healthful military positions, the convenience for obtaining a ready and a more abundant supply of provisions, water, fuel, and forage, and the advantages which are afforded by the Del Norte in forwarding supplies to such posts as may be established in the interior, and upon the Indian frontier.

The movement of the troops to the Del Norte was made by the commanding general under positive instructions to abstain from all aggressive acts towards Mexico or Mexican citizens, and to regard the relations between that republic and the United States as peaceful, unless she should declare war, or commit acts of hostility indicative of a state of war. He was specially directed to protect private property and respect personal rights.

The army moved from Corpus Christi on the 11th of March, and on the 28th of that month arrived on the left bank of the Del Norte, opposite to Matamoras, where it encamped on a commanding position, which has since been strengthened by the erection of field works. A depot has also been established at Point Isabel, near the Brazos Santiago, thirty miles in rear of the encampment. The selection of his position was necessarily confided to the judgment of the general in command.

The Mexican forces at Matamoras assumed a belligerent attitude, and on the 12th of April, General Ampudia, then in command, notified General Taylor to break up his camp within twenty-four hours, and to retire beyond the Nueces river, and in the event of his failure to comply with these demands, announced that arms, and arms alone, must decide the question. But no open act of hostility was committed until the 24th of April. On that day, General Arista, who succeeded to the command of the Mexican forces, communicated to General Taylor that "he considered hostilities commenced, and should prosecute them." A party of dragoons, of sixty-three men and officers were on the same day despatched from the American camp up the Rio del Norte, on its left bank, to ascertain whether the Mexican troops had crossed, or were preparing to cross the river, "became engaged with a large body of these troops, and after a short affair, in which some sixteen were killed and wounded, appear to have been surrounded and compelled to surrender."

The grievous wrongs perpetrated by Mexico upon our citizens throughout a long period of years, remain unredressed; and solemn treaties, pledging her public faith for this redress, have been disregarded. A government either unable or unwilling to enforce the execution of such treaties, fails to perform one of its plainest duties.

Our commerce with Mexico has been almost annihilated. It was formerly highly beneficial to both nations; but our merchants have been deterred from prosecuting it by the system of outrage and extortion which the Mexican authorities have pursued against them, whilst their appeals through their own government for indemnity have been made in vain. Our forbearance has gone to such an extreme as to be mistaken in its character. Had we acted with vigor in repelling the insults and redressing the injuries inflicted by Mexico at the commencement, we should doubtless have escaped all the difficulties in which we are now involved.

Instead of this, however, we have been exerting our best efforts to propitiate her good will. Upon the pretext that Texas, a nation as independent as herself, thought proper to unite its destinies with our own, she has affected to believe that we have severed her rightful territory, and, in official proclamations and manifestoes, has repeatedly threatened to make war upon us for the purpose of reconquering Texas. In the mean time, we have tried every effort at reconciliation. The cup of forbearance had been exhausted, even before the recent information from the frontier of the Del Norte. But now, after reiterated menaces, Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, has invaded our territory, and shed American blood upon the American soil. She has proclaimed that hostilities have commenced, and that the two nations are now at war.

As war exists, notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, exists by the act of Mexico herself, we are called upon, by every consideration of duty and patriotism, to vindicate, with decision, the honor, the rights, and the interests of our country.

Anticipating the possibility of a crisis like that which has arrived, instructions were given in August last, 'as a precautionary measure,' against invasion, or threatened invasion, authorizing General Taylor, if the emergency required, to accept volunteers, not from Texas only, but from the States of Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky; and corresponding letters were addressed to the respective governors of those States. These instructions were repeated; and in January last, soon after the incorporation of 'Texas into our union of States,' General Taylor was further 'authorized by the President to make a requisition upon the executive of that State for such of its militia force as may be needed to repel invasion or to secure the country against apprehended invasion. On the 2d day of March, he was again reminded, 'in the event of the approach of any considerable Mexican force, promptly and efficiently to use the authority with which he was clothed, to call to him such auxiliary force as he might need.' War actually existing, and our territory having been invaded, General Taylor, pursuant to authority invested in him by my direction, has called on the governor of Texas for four regiments of State troops—two to be mounted, and two to serve on foot; and on the governor of Louisiana for four regiments of infantry, to be sent to him as soon as practicable.

In further vindication of our rights and defence of our territory, I invoke the prompt action of Congress to recognise the existence of the war, and to place at the disposition of the Executive the means of prosecuting the war with vigor, and thus hastening the restoration of peace. To this end I recommend that authority should be given to call into the public service a large body of volunteers to serve for not less than six or twelve months unless sooner discharged. A volunteer force is, beyond question, more efficient than any other description of citizen soldiers; and it is not to be doubted that a number far beyond that required, would readily rush to the field upon the call of their country. I fur-



ther recommend that a liberal provision be made for sustaining our entire military force, and furnishing it with supplies and munitions of war.

The most energetic and prompt measures, and the immediate appearance in arms of a large and overpowering force, are recommended to Congress as the most certain and efficient means of bringing the existing collision with Mexico to a speedy and successful termination.

In making these recommendations, I deem it proper to declare that it is my anxious desire not only to terminate hostilities speedily, but to bring all matters in dispute between this government and Mexico to an early and amicable adjustment; and, in this view, I shall be prepared to renew negotiations, whenever Mexico shall be ready to receive propositions, or to make propositions of her own.

I transmit herewith a copy of the correspondence between our envoy to Mexico and the Mexican minister for foreign affairs; and so much of the correspondence between that envoy and the Secretary of State, and between the Secretary of War and the general in command on the Del Norte, as are necessary to a full understanding of the subject.

JAMES K. POLK.

WASHINGTON, May 11th, 1846.

### THE WAR BILL.

The nays in the House on the final passage of the Bill "providing for the prosecution of the existing war between the United States and the Republic of Mexico," were only 14, viz. Messrs. John Quincy Adams, Ashmun, Grinnell, Hudson, and D. P. King, all of Massachusetts; Severance, of Maine; Cranston, of R. Island; Giddings, Vance, Tilden, Root, and Delano, all of Ohio; Strohm, of Pa.; and Culver of New York. All are Whigs, and several of them a little touched with Abolitionism. Yeas 173. In the Senate, 50 yeas, and only two nays.

So there were only 16 nays, in the whole Congress, comprising 280 members, of whom 239 were present and voting.

In addition to the 50,000 men and \$10,000,000 placed by this bill at the disposal of the President for the purpose mentioned, it authorizes him to complete all the public vessels now authorized by law, and to purchase or charter, arm and equip, and man, any additional number of merchant vessels or steamers, suited to war service, which he may deem "necessary for the protection of the seaboard, lake-coast, and the general defence of the country."

Another bill, which passed the Senate on Monday, increases each company of regulars to 100 men, which will swell the total to about 15,000. This bill was reported, debated and passed, at one and the same sitting.

Including regulars and volunteers, therefore, the President is authorized to call into the field an army of 65,000 men.

The Naval force now in commission comprises about 8,700 men; and if increased to the extent authorized by this law, will number 15,000 or 20,000 men.

At the lowest calculation, the President will have at his disposal an aggregate land and naval force of *eighty thousand men*. A power so tremendous, it is to be hoped, will be wielded with more discretion than usually falls to the lot of mortals.

War is a terrible calamity to all concerned: Terrible to the victors as well as to the vanquished. It is terrible by the destruction of life and property,—the distress and mourning and sorrow which it occasions,—the demoralization which it leaves in its train. If it can possibly be avoided, without subjecting ourselves and others to a greater evil, it ought to be and must be. The result may prove, that the Mexicans, instead of attacking either of our positions on the American side of the Rio Grande, have retired to their own territory. And when they learn the formidable preparations which are making for their chastisement if they persevere in their hostile movements, it may be that they will consent to negotiate.

But if, most unfortunately for ourselves, for Mexico, and other nations, the Mexican forces on the Rio Grande, under instructions from their government, have attacked General Taylor's encampment, or Point Isabella, and attempted to carry them, or either of them, by force of arms, (as is not improbable,) the case will be too plain to be mistaken. A 'state of war' will clearly exist, 'by the act of the Republic of Mexico;' and we see not but the painful necessity will be forced upon us, of *treating* with her on her own terms. We have been trying to negotiate a settlement of differences with her for months and years. But she has rejected our Envoys with contempt. To remove every obstacle to Mr. Slidell's reception,—a Special Ambassador, sent with the olive branch,—our squadron before Vera Cruz was withdrawn; yet no sooner was it withdrawn, than her promise to receive him on that condition, was likewise withdrawn. If she had studied to make her conduct towards us as vexatious and insulting as possible, she could not have varied it without receding from her object. But we need not go into particulars.

All that we have to say further at this time is, that if Mexico forces or has forced us into a war, by making war upon us, with or without a formal declaration, and if there is no proper means of avoiding it, we hope it will be carried on with so much vigor that she will soon be thankful for the opportunity of negotiating. We have no doubt this is the President's plan and purpose. But at the same time he says, he 'shall be prepared to renew negotiations whenever Mexico shall be ready to receive propositions, or to make propositions of her own.' This is honourable, humane and christian. If there must be war, it is also humane to bring it to the speediest possible conclusion, even though its horrors may for the time be more dreadful. We still hope, (though with diminished confidence,) that this dire calamity may be avoided. The nation cannot too deeply feel, that even a war with Mexico would be a dire calamity. The next news from the Rio Grande will probably show what we are to expect. If war is upon us, we trust it will be met with firmness and vigor, with unanimity and patriotism, with a readiness on the part of every citizen to submit to whatever sacrifices may be necessary in bringing it to a successful and speedy termination.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The bill, as it has passed both Houses, reads as follows:

"An act providing for the prosecution of the existing war between the United States and the Republic of Mexico."

Whereas, by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that government and the United States: Therefore—

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That for the purpose of enabling the government of the United States to prosecute said war to a speedy and successful termination, the President be, and he is hereby authorized to employ the militia, naval, and military forces of the United States, and to call for and accept the services of any number of volunteers, not exceeding fifty thousand, who may offer their services either as cavalry, artillery, or riflemen, to serve six or twelve months after they shall have arrived at the place of rendezvous, or to

the end of the war, unless sooner discharged, according to the time for which they shall have been enlisted into service. That the sum of ten millions of dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury, or to come into the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of carrying the provisions of this act into effect.

Sec. 2 *And be it further enacted*, That the militia, when called into the service of the United States by virtue of this act, may, if in the opinion of the President of the United States the public interest requires it, be compelled to serve for a term not exceeding six months, after their arrival at the place of rendezvous, in any one year, unless sooner discharged.

Sec. 3 *And be it further enacted*, That the said volunteers shall furnish their own clothes, and, if cavalry, their own horse equipments; and, when mustered into service, shall be armed at the expense of the United States.

Sec. 4 *And be it further enacted*, That said volunteers, when called into actual service, and while remaining therein, shall be subject to the rules and articles of war, and shall be, in all respect, except as to clothing and pay, placed on the same footing with similar corps of the United States army; and, in lieu of clothing, every non-commissioned officer and private in any company who may thus offer himself, shall be entitled, when called into actual service, to receive in money a sum equal to the cost of clothing of a non-commissioned officer or private (as the case may be) in the regular troops of the United States.

Sec. 5 *And be it further enacted*, That the said volunteers so offering their services shall be accepted by the President in companies, battalions, squadrons, and regiments, whose officers shall be appointed in the manner prescribed by law in the several States and Territories to which such companies, battalions, squadrons, and regiments, shall respectively belong.

Sec. 6 *And be it further enacted*, That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby, authorized to organize companies so tendering their services into battalions or squadrons, battalions and squadrons into regiments: regiments into brigades, and brigades into divisions, as soon as the number of volunteers shall render such organization, in his judgment, expedient; and the President shall, if necessary, apportion the staff, field, and general officers among the respective States and Territories from which the volunteers shall tender their services, as he may deem proper.

Sec. 7 *And be it further enacted*, That the volunteers who may be received into the service of the United States by virtue of the provisions of this act, and who may be wounded or otherwise disabled in service, shall be entitled to all the benefit which may be conferred on persons wounded in the service of the United States.

Sec. 8 *And be it further enacted*, That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby, authorized forthwith to complete all the public armed vessels now authorized by law, and to purchase or charter, arm, equip, and man such merchant vessels and steamboats as, upon examination, may be found fit, or easily converted into armed vessels fit for the public service, and in such number as he may deem necessary for the protection of the seaboard, lake-coast, and the general defence of the country.

Sec. 9 *And be it further enacted*, That, whenever, the militia or volunteers are called and received into the service of the United States, under the provisions of this act, they shall have the organization of the army of the United States, and shall have the same pay and allowances, and all mounted privates, non-commissioned officers, musicians and artificers, shall be allowed forty cents per day for the use and risk of their horses, except of horses actually killed in action; and if any mounted volunteer private, non-commissioned officer, musician or artificer, shall not keep himself provided with a serviceable horse, the said volunteer shall serve on foot.

The following is the latest of the series of letters from General Taylor which were communicated to Congress on Monday last in connexion with the President's Message on the subject of our relations with Mexico.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

CAMP NEAR MATAMORAS, (Texas) April 26, 1846.

Sir: I have respectfully to report that Gen. Arista arrived in Matamoras on the 24th inst., and assumed the chief command of the Mexican troops. On the same day he addressed me a communication conceived in courteous terms, but saying that he considered hostilities commenced and should prosecute them. A translation of his note and copy of my reply will be transmitted the moment they can be prepared. I despatch this by an express which is now waiting.

I regret to report that a party of dragoons sent out by me on the 24th inst., to watch the course of the river above on this bank, became engaged with a very large force of the enemy, and after a short affair, in which some sixteen were killed and wounded, appear to have been surrounded and compelled to surrender. Not one of the party has returned except a wounded man sent in this morning by the Mexican commander, so that I cannot report with confidence the particulars of the engagement or the fate of the officers, except that Captain Hardee was known to be a prisoner and unhurt. Captain Thornton and Lieutenants Mason and Lane were the other officers. [Thornton and Mason, with two dragoons, subsequently arrived in General Taylor's camp.] The party was sixty-three strong.

Hostilities may now be considered as commenced, and I have this day deemed it necessary to call upon the Governor of Texas for four regiments of volunteers—two to be mounted, and two to serve as foot. As some delay must occur in collecting these troops, I have also desired the Governor of Louisiana to send out four regiments of infantry, as soon as practicable. This will constitute an auxiliary force of nearly five thousand men, which will be required to prosecute the war with energy, and carry it, as it should be, into the enemy's country.

I trust the Department will approve my course in this matter, and will give the necessary orders to the staff departments for the supply of this large additional force.

If a law could be passed authorizing the President to raise volunteers for twelve months, it would be of the greatest importance for a service so remote from support as this.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A. Commanding.

The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.

NEW ORLEANS, May 4, 1846.

We are still in the midst of excitement. To-day the volunteers are coming up nobly, and I think by to-morrow night we may be able to despatch 2000 troops. Gen. Percifer Smith, a gallant and fine-looking man, has been appointed to command them. Our city presents a warlike appearance. Hundreds of companies march through the streets, night and day, with banners



flying and music. The Public Squares are filled with tents, where muskets and ammunition are distributed to the volunteers.

We have four large sea-steamer in waiting to transport the troops, &c. Confidence is felt that Gen. Taylor will maintain his position till relieved; but fears are entertained for Point Isabel.

Galveston promptly dispatched 300 troops in twelve hours for Point Isabel.

A large reinforcement of volunteers is expected from Tennessee and Kentucky: though no requisition has been made on those States.

#### PRIVATEERS.

The unfavourable state of our relations with Mexico, naturally raises the inquiry among ship owners and underwriters, how far they are liable to suffer from Mexican privateers in case actual war should ensue. It may safely be assumed that in the case supposed, the principal Mexican ports on both seas will be blockaded, and the entire Mexican coast constantly watched by our cruisers. Besides, Mexico has few seamen and fewer vessels. But it has been said that swarms of privateers would issue from Havana, under Mexican license, to prey upon our commerce. The following correspondence will show that this is specially guarded against, by an existing Treaty between us and Spain.

NEW YORK, 13th May, 1846.

E. K. Collins, Esq.,

Sir:—At a meeting of the Board of Underwriters this morning, I was directed to ask of you the publication of the letter received by you from the Hon. James Buchanan, communicating the substance of the Treaty between the United States and Spain, in relation to Privateers and Letters of Marque. I am, very respectfully, yours,

S. BALDWIN, Sec.

WASHINGTON, April 11, 1846.

My dear Sir:—In consequence of our conversation a few minutes since, I think it proper to inform you without delay, that our Treaty with Spain of the 20th October 1795, contains the following article, *still in force*:—

"Art. 14. No subject of his Catholic Majesty shall apply for, or take any commission or Letters of Marque, for arming any ship or ships to act as privateers against the said United States, or against the citizens, people or inhabitants, of the said United States, or against the property of any of the inhabitants of any of them, from any prince or State with which the said United States shall be at war.

"Nor shall any citizen, subject, or inhabitant, of the said United States, apply for, or take, any commission, or letters of marque, for arming any ship or ships to act as privateers against the subjects of his Catholic Majesty, or the property of any of them, from any Prince or State with which the said King shall be at war. And if any person of either nation shall take such commissions or letters of marque, he shall be punished as a pirate."

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

EDWARD K. COLLINS, Esquire.

WANTED.—Nos. 1, 4, 17, and 18 of Vol. 6 of the Anglo American, for which 12 1-2 cents each will be given.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 10 a — per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1846.

### WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

There have been strong grounds for some time for anticipating a caption like this to remarks on the relations between the two Republics, and we must confess that actual hostilities have not taken place one hour earlier than we expected, from the moment it was known that armies of observation were placed in mutual opposition at or near the boundary lines of the two countries. It could not be that forces under such circumstances, constantly within sight and hearing of each other, could remain inactive, yet each lashing itself up to the highest degree of excitement, and ready to view the slightest movement in an aggressive light; hostilities were likely in the case to break out spontaneously, and if the governments on each side were at a loss for a sufficiently ostensible cause for declaring war, they were sure to be presently supplied with one, by pitting the soldiers as one would pit two high-spirited and spurred game-cocks.

We say not this as equally applicable to both parties, for in truth the United States have a far better story to tell than Mexico can pretend to. As we have frequently said before, if Texas desired to be independent of Mexico and found itself in a condition to do so, the latter was the last country in the world that had a right to remonstrate against it, for she had herself set the example only a few years before, in breaking off her connexions with Spain. Again, if independent Texas thought it advisable to part with a portion of her independence for the sake of greater security, and enrolled herself in the Federal Union of the United States, she had a right to do so, and much as it might disappoint or annoy any foreign state, there was no right of interference furnished to prevent such a consummation.

Texas then being annexed, it became an important duty to ascertain her Mexican boundaries, as they now became the boundaries of the United States in that direction; and whatever might have been the notions of Santa Anna thereon, it is certain that his successor Herrera was not entirely opposed to the settlement of the question; but he being set aside by the more warlike Paredes, it soon became evident that "the dogs of war" would be let slip, as that functionary refused to entertain a negotiation upon the vexed subject of boundary; and accordingly the system of "military observation" was commenced, bringing in its train the very result which might have been, and perhaps was, expected.

The details of the proceedings thus far will be found in our news columns, but it appears to us that, all things considered, the strength of General Taylor was neither sufficiently great nor was it sufficiently backed with reinforcements at hand in case of emergency; and that the straits in which the last advices left him were such as he ought not to be in at the beginning of the war. If he can

stand for a few days, however, he will be relieved, for nothing can surpass the alacrity with which volunteers are flocking to the standard of the United States; and notwithstanding the differences of opinion that might have existed as to the general question with Mexico, it is quite plain that, war having commenced every citizen in the Union is making common cause thereon, and the settlements of all matters with Mexico will be final before the sword shall be sheathed.

Congress has been exceedingly prompt in the matter; a large sum has been appropriated for present fitting out, and the Executive is empowered to increase the forces both by land and sea to an extent of which we presume the Mexicans never dreamed. The Mexican general Ampudia is endeavouring at a double measure, that of thinning the ranks of the United States army and at the same time of replenishing his own command. In fact it is a recruiting system, and a proclamation, forcibly reminding us of the magnificent fallacies with which recruiting sergeants take in young flats of raw plough-boys—the future heroes of their contemporary history. Take the following by way of example. *The Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican army to the English and Irish under the orders of the American General Taylor:*

Know Ye: That the Government of the United States is committing repeated acts of barbarous aggression against the magnanimous Mexican Nation: that the Government which exists under "the flag of the stars" is unworthy of the designation of Christian. Recollect that you were born in Great Britain; that the American Government looks with coldness upon the powerful flag of St. George, and is provoking to a rupture the warlike people to whom it belongs, President Polk boldly manifesting a desire to take possession of Oregon, as he has already done of Texas. Now, then, come with all confidence to the Mexican ranks, and I guarantee to you, upon my honor, good treatment, and that all of your expenses shall be defrayed until your arrival in the beautiful capital of Mexico.

Germans, French, Poles, and individuals of other nations! Separate yourselves from the Yankees, and do not contribute to defend a robbery and usurpation which, be assured, the civilized nations of Europe look upon with the utmost indignation. Come, therefore, and array yourselves under the tri-colored flag, in the confidence that the God of Armies protects it, and that it will protect you equally with the English. PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

Francisco R. Moreno, Adj. of the Commander-in-Chief.

Head-Quarters, upon the Road to Metamoras April 2 1846.

On the other hand we find the question mooted as to the Privateer System.

Concerning this meanest and most ruffianly of all hostility, we have not words adequate to the expression of our abhorrence of its application in the case of war between nations. War is the ultima ratio of countries when the disputes between them have presented difficulties not otherwise to be settled, and armies and navies are necessary for the great national purposes of bringing those disputes to an issue. But privateering is a sordid, odious system, having no higher purpose than fighting for plunder, and for individuals to rob and murder individuals; it is legalized robbery, it is in no degree better, except in name, than piracy or buccaneering. We do hope and trust that the United States like all other civilized states will frown down this brutal mode of warfare, and teach privateer prisoners the difference between national defenders and private robbers.

We perceive that some dreamy philanthropists, sincere enough we dare say, express dissatisfaction at the act of shooting down deserters when in the act of crossing a river—a forbidden crossing—in order to desert to the enemy. It would have been a curious beginning of a war to permit such a defection with impunity, and it is in all probability ten-fold more merciful to take such summary measures at once with traitors, than to open a door for future defection, which might cause the death of thousands, and the honour of a country's arms.

The first Anniversary celebration of the Belles Lettres Society, connected with the Episcopal College of St. James, Washington Co., Md., took place at their Hall on the evening of the 14th of April. The exercises are spoken of as giving high promise of future excellence, and the encouraging and able address to the Society by the Rev. John B. Kerfoot, Rector of the College, as well calculated to excite among its members a commendable spirit of zeal and emulation.

#### Fine Arts.

### NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.—[Concluded.]

15. Cornish Coast Scene.—G. Harvey, A.—This, though magnificent scenery as seen in reality, presents too many detached objects for a picture, and cuts it into patchwork. It is taken from an eminence and includes castles, seats, villages, ruins, and a wide expanse of both water and hill; the perspective is very good, the colouring is in good temperature, but the foliage in the foreground is exceedingly stiff.

36. The Fisherman's Requiem.—R. A. Clarke.—This would have been an excellent composition if the howling dog had not been placed immediately before the figure of the dead man; at present the dog is like a leg thrown upwards. The failure is in the picturesque and in the colouring.

86. Lesson on the Immortality of the Soul.—L. Terry.—Through the usual medium of the butterfly. The listening youth has most intelligent expression of countenance, but the fair teacher is not very expressive. The choice of colours in the draperies is very happy, and the hands of both figures are very well executed.

94. Timon of Athens.—H. P. Gray, N.A.

"—— I am sick of this false world, and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon it."—Timon of Athens.

An utter failure as regards the subject. It is quite impossible, even by the aid of imagination, to find anything *apropos* to the celebrated misanthrope of Shakspeare.

109. Full-length Portrait of a Lady.—By an Amateur.—The lady visitors of



the Exhibition are quite in raptures with the painting of the figured silk drapery. But the painter has made the lady-subject as if she were astonished to find herself there.

113. Capt. Glen claiming the prisoners after the burning of Schenectady.—T. H. Matteson.

"On the night of Feb. 9th, 1690, during a violent snow storm, a party of savages and French, disguised as Indians, commanded by Le Moyne de St. Helene, and d'Aillebout de Mantel, surprised and burnt Schenectady. On account of the kindness formerly shown by Capt. Glen and his family to certain French prisoners, brought in by the Mohawks during the Border forays, the officers had orders to spare him, with his relations and property. Unable to prevent the slaughter, he had witnessed the conflagration from his house, half-a-mile distant, expecting to be himself attacked. In the morning, however, being sent for by the French Commander, on receiving assurances of safety, he went over to the village, and denied relationship to none who asked his protection, so that the disappointed Indians exclaimed, 'Every one seems to be a kinsman of Coudre's,' (the Indian name of Capt. Glen.)

"About noon (Sunday) the enemy set off from Schenectady, taking all the plunder they could carry away with them, including forty of the best horses. The rest, with all the cattle and other domestic animals, lay slaughtered in the street."

The artist has not succeeded in making his subject interesting, although there are portions painful enough. There are two, or even three groups, which in themselves are graphic, but as a whole there is confusion without the story as above given. The drawings of the figures are much in the manner of those which we formerly described in our accounts of the Art Union.

125. Scene on the Hudson near Spuyten Duyval Creek.—Jas. Hamilton.—Here is all the cool colouring and tone of the Scottish or the Cumberland Landscape, the greys of the rocks, the sober green of the foreground foliage, and the rolling clouds of the sky are such as are rarely seen on the Hudson except at early morning, and the picture is in refreshing contrast to the hot atmosphere which is usually chosen for American landscape.

132. Sappho.—H. P. Gray, N.A.

"— Her head was bending down  
As if in weariness, and near,  
But unworn, was a laurel crown.—  
She was not beautiful, if bloom  
And smiles form beauty; for, like death,  
Her brow was ghastly, and her lip  
Was parted, as fever were its breath."

A failure. The upper part of the picture is too much in shade, the left foot is quite out of drawing, as is also the left hand.

144. The Mandolin.—S. S. Osgood.—A good face, figure, and the instrument skilfully foreshortened, but the fingers are very bad. The costume is Greek, but the complexion is Saxon.

156. Portrait of a Lady.—A. H. Wenzler.—This picture is hardly a worthy successor to the "Lady with the Muff" of last year. It is too stiff, too set, a very studied sitting, and standing too much out of the canvas. The drapery is well finished, and the colours well chosen, but the picture though one of "still life," very much wants repose. As a likeness we have no doubt it is faultless, but it is too formal as a picture.

164. The Cross in the Wilderness, (From a Poem by Mrs. Hemans).—T. Cole, N.A.—The foliage is too spotty, but the effect of placing the declining sun in the centre of the circular canvas is happy without appearing singular.

173. Dogs and Ducks.—J. W. Ormstead.—There is a fine display of animal excitement in these dogs, and the birds are flying off in good perspective.

187. Landscape.—An Amateur.—The warm summer evening tints of this Landscape are its principal charm. The bright green of the foliage, the grey back ground and yellow sky, with the broad relief of the figures thrown in, are all in excellent keeping, yet without any garishness of colouring.

188. Cromwell and his Daughter.—E. L. Leutze, H.

"It is allowed by our historians, that in the repeated conferences she had with Oliver, just before her death, she painted the guilt of his ambition in the most dreadful colours, which exceedingly perplexed him.

"He took much pains to prevent any of his attendants hearing; yet many expressions escaped her, which were heard by those near, respecting cruelty and blood."—Noble's House of Cromwell.

The arms and hands of the "daughter" are monstrous; all else is good.

192. Match Boy.—W. Ranney.—A very clever composition, well drawn, well coloured, and telling its story admirably.

222. The sleepy Student.—F. W. Edmonds, N.A.—This is quite in the style of domestic composition peculiar to this admirable artist. The idler has fallen asleep whilst caressing his dog, and his book has fallen on the floor. The mother in the distance is nursing a young child, and the kitchen utensils, &c., around make up the *coup d'œil*.

228. Landscape and Cattle.—T. H. Hinckley.—The cattle throughout, and the foliage of the middle ground, are admirable indeed; the perspective also is artistically arranged.

235. Portrait of a Gentleman.—A. Frothingham, N.A.—A life-like portrait of a well-known and highly respected bibliopolist of this city.

260 and 284. Still-life.—By Regis Gignoux, A.—These are two excellent specimens. The dog's head also of the former, as well as the "deal graining" of the latter are well executed.

286. A Summer Shower.—C. P. Cranch.—A capital storm indeed.

293. Landscape.—T. Doughty, H.—A perfect gem. The exquisite finish of the foliage and woodland scenery, the haze off the meandering waters, the half-hidden back grounds in the mist, are all charmingly executed. This picture may well stand beside any other in the present Exhibition.

304 and 332.—"Crossing the Ferry," and "Friendship in Adversity."—W.

Ranney.—These are both clever works, but why does the artist insist so much upon *real* horses!

### Cricketers' Chronicle.

The first match of the season on the new ground of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, will be played between two Elevens of the said Club on Monday next, the 18th inst. The wickets to be pitched at 10 A.M. precisely. The Ground is situated on the East side of the Haerlem Road (Third Avenue), a little beyond the six mile stone, and adjacent to The Island House Hotel, formerly called The Red House. The ground outside of the Cricket ground fence is sufficiently elevated above the level within to enable numerous spectators to see the play fully and satisfactorily; in fact to much more advantage than from the play-ground itself, from which on such occasions, we understand that Strangers uninitiated by Members must necessarily be refused admittance.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We announced last week that the GRAND FESTIVAL CONCERT to be given by this excellent society in aid of the funds for building a Music Hall in this city, would take place on the 20th inst.; this will be the case, but we announce with great satisfaction that the great Saloon of the Castle Garden has been selected for the purpose, as being better adapted both as to sound, and as to capacity for so splendid a purpose, than that which was previously contemplated. Our Readers will keep in mind therefore, that at Castle Garden on Wednesday evening next the 20th inst. this magnificent Festival Concert will be given, unless the weather be rainy, in which case it will take place on the first fair night afterward.

The main feature of the concert is undoubtedly the grand choral Symphony No. 9 by Beethoven, the poetry of which is from an ode of Schiller, and the composition is allowed to be the greatest work of that distinguished musician; in the performance of it there will be hardly fewer than four hundred persons engaged, and the rehearsals have been nearly daily for some time so that there is every probability of its being executed in superb style. But though this takes the first rank in musical importance upon the occasion, we can assure all lovers of music that the *morceaux* generally, and the qualities of the principal artists, vocal and instrumental will be in all respects worthy such a festival; and we have also the satisfaction to state that not only all the members of the Philharmonic Society, but also all the individual professors who shall assist on this interesting occasion offer their voluntary and free aid. Among these last are Madame Pico and Mr. Scharfenberg.

With such a treat, and having such an object before them, surely all who possess any musical taste will rush for the purchase of tickets, and we verily believe that although the Saloon may probably hold some ten thousand persons, there will not be an empty seat by half-past seven that evening. The subscribers to the Philharmonic Society will of themselves, half fill the house, and of course not one of them will be absent; in short the want is so evident, which this festival is to aid in supplying, that next Wednesday evening will probably become an epoch in the musical history of New York.

IF We would most strenuously urge upon the attention of the managers, to close out the cupola of the building, it will so greatly improve the quality and effect of the sound.

MADAME PICO'S CONCERT.—This took place on Tuesday evening last at the Apollo Saloon, and was very fully attended. The accomplished contralto herself was in fine voice and was most rapturously applauded in all she sang; she was well assisted by Madame Otto, Miss Northall &c.

CONCERT OF MESSRS. PHILIP ERNST AND HERMANN WOLLENHAUPT.—This joint concert of Mr. Ernst the celebrated flautist, and Mr. Wollenhaupt, Pianist, was given at the Apollo Saloon on Thursday, too late for remarks this week.

THE DESERT.—This beautiful composition by Felicien David will be given, for the fifth time, on Monday evening next at the Tabernacle, under the direction of Mr. Geo. Loder, to whom the musical world are greatly indebted for the admirable manner in which he has produced it.

NEW MUSIC.—LIBRARY OF SACRED MUSIC.—Vol. 1. No. 4.—New York: Wyman & Newell, 150 Fulton Street.—The publishers of this clever work are proceeding with praiseworthy care; the number before us being still better than its predecessors; here are six pieces, viz: "How excellent is thy name" from Handel's Oratorio of "Saul"; "Let me go, some bread to bring," a duet from Loewe's oratorio of "The Seven Sleepers"; "Benedic anima mea," an anthem for two trebles and a tenor; "How lovely are thy dwellings," a bass solo from Neukomm's oratorio of "Mount Sinai"; "Think, Mighty God" a psalm by Wainwright; and "Glory and worship are before him" a full sacred chorus. We are greatly pleased with the general correctness of the printed musical text, a matter of great importance in a work intended mainly for amateur musicians, and earnestly we trust that the undertaking will abundantly succeed.

### The Drama.

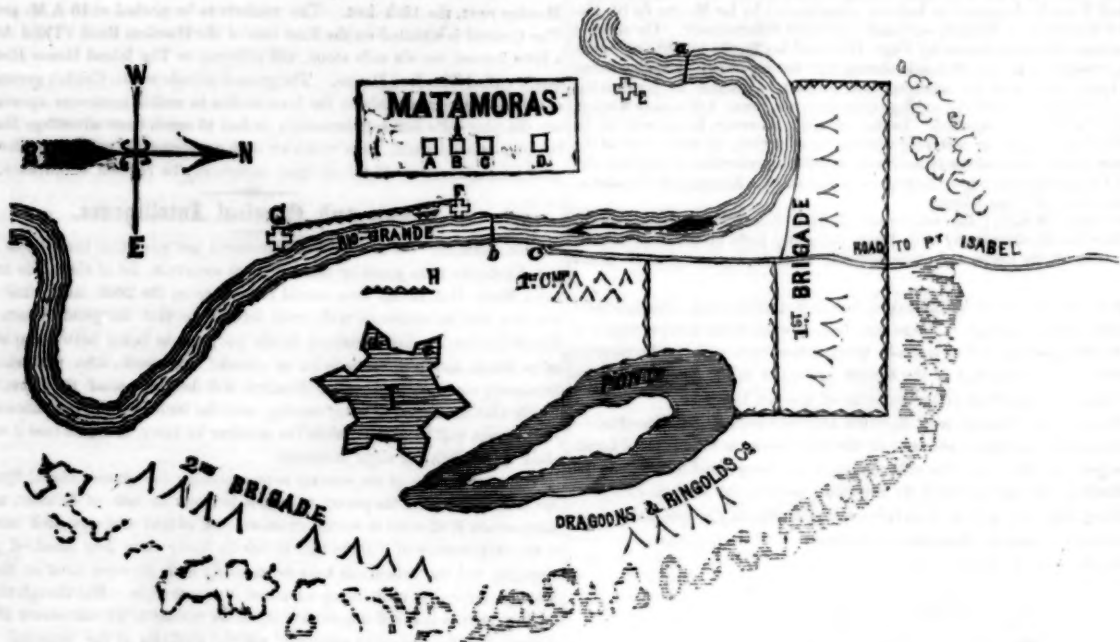
PARK THEATRE.—The Park flourishes, and so it ought, for there is now an efficient strength, performing the classic drama. We are glad that no symptoms are yet perceptible of Mr. G. Vandenhoff's engagement being near a termination, for we consider him to be—if not the Atlas—at least a most powerful support, of the legitimate drama, and destined, if we are not mistaken, to restore it to its pristine freshness and primitive favor. It is not always that a distinguished actor rightly finds, or honestly confesses he has found his own peculiar role; he is too apt to conclude that his earlier impressions, in which neverthe-



## DIAGRAM OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

GEN. TAYLOR'S CAMP AT MATAMORAS.

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. ARMY.



- A.—Gen. MEXIA's quarters. B.—Cathedral. C.—Place d'Artillerie.  
 D.—Quarters for Sappers and Miners. E.—Sand Fort, 4 guns.  
 F.—Sand Fort, 5 embrasures, commenced the night of our arrival, and completed on the 16th; one gun and supposed to be one mortar.  
 G.—Fort erected since our arrival; no pieces mounted. When finished, the Priests consecrated it, by throwing holy water upon it.  
 .... f v v—Three sunken batteries and a large traverse; from F to G is one line of defence.  
 H.—Fort Defiance, originally mounted with four 18 pounders, which have since been removed to Bastion E, and their place supplied by Bragg's battery.

- I.—A field work of six Bastions, calculated to hold two Regiments. In Bastion d is Duncan's battery, Bastion e Capt Sand's Company—the 3d Brigade occupy the work.  
 a—Upper ferry. b—Lower ferry. c—Flag-staff.  
 .... Thick bush fence.  
 .... Dense chaparral—(thorny thicket.)

\* \* \* We are indebted to our kind neighbours and friends of "The Spirit of the Times," for the above diagram of the seat of war, which so fully explains the positions and proceedings of the adverse forces, so far as accounts have hitherto been received.

less, he did not succeed up to his wishes, are the right ones, and that the public are wrong. Such was the case with poor Liston, now no more, and who to his dying day, believed in his heart that his forte was tragedy. Such, however, is not the case with Mr. G. Vandenhoff, he studied himself and his own powers, he watched effects upon audiences, and "experientia docet," he found that he had come to a correct conclusion. The line of the cothurnus will suit him better ten or fifteen years hence. This artist, and Mrs. Mowatt well support each other, and the lady is undoubtedly an actress of deserved reputation.

The principal pieces this week have been "The Lady of Lyons," "The Honey Moon," "Love's Sacrifice" &c., and they have been performed in a highly satisfactory manner; but we must be pardoned for observing that in the whole range of characters played by Mrs. Mowatt more energy is required than she—at least at present—possesses.

#### BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Congress of the United States, by virtue of the constitutional authority vested in them, have declared by their act, bearing date this day, that by the act of the Republic of Mexico a state of war exists between the two governments.

Now, therefore, I, James K. Polk, President of these United States of America, do hereby proclaim to all whom it may concern, and I do specially enjoin on all persons holding offices, civil or military, under the authority of the United States, that they be vigilant, and zealous in discharging the duties respectively incident thereto, and I do moreover exhort all the good people of the U. States as they love their country, as they feel the wrongs which have forced on them the last resort of injured nations, and as they consult the best means, under the blessing of Divine Providence, of abridging its calamities, that they exert themselves in preserving order, in promoting concord, and maintaining the authority and the efficiency of the laws, in supporting and invigorating all the measures which may be adopted by the constitutional authorities for attaining a speedy, just, and an honourable peace.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents.

Done at the City of Washington, this 13th day of May, 1846, and year of the Independence of the United States, the seventieth.

By the President, JAMES K. POLK.  
 JAMES BUCHANAN, Secretary of State.

#### FROM POINT ISABEL.

POINT ISABEL, Texas, April 27.

Major Monroe has received orders to-night, by express, to spare no exertions to make the defence of this place complete. We shall defend it to the last. We have 16 brass six pounders, two long 18 do., and two ship's guns for artillery, all of which are manned. We have a force, armed to the teeth, of 450 men.

With these we can hold the post against at least 1400, with the advantages

we have over them. We have a plentiful supply of powder and balls, of all kinds; provisions for at least two years, and water in abundance,—so that they cannot starve us out; the only way for them to do it, is to take us by surprise or storm. Give us daylight for it, and we will give them as cordial a reception as they could desire.

April 28.—Last night, the ferry boat broke adrift from the Mexican side, and floated over opposite the piquet guard. One of the Mexicans attempted to get her, by swimming to her,—the Lieut. who was officer of the guard, fired on him; he then returned, and got a party of soldiers in a boat to take her; but the Lt. gave them such a dose of buck and ball, that they were glad to get back with one killed and a number wounded. Thus you see the gradual approach of a general fight.

From the N. O. Picayune, May 6.

U. S. TROOPS FROM FORT PIKE.—A detachment of regular troops numbering about eighty arrived yesterday from Fort Pike, and marched to their quarters at the barracks. Several companies of volunteers raised in this city, we learn, also marched down last evening.

The U. S. quarter master has dispatched all necessary arms and equipments to the barracks, so that there need be no delay in equipping the volunteers.

We were yesterday informed that, by intelligence received from Mobile, 54 men belonging to the U. S. Army at Fort Wood, left that city on Monday, for Point Isabel, on board of the steamboat Undine.

We also understand that 513 volunteers were to leave Mobile on board of the steamer James L. Day, direct for Point Isabel. A force of about one hundred came over yesterday under command of the gallant Gen. Desha, and were immediately mustered into the service of the U. States. The business was taken in hand in the most systematic and energetic manner.

The steam ship Sea has been chartered, and is expected on Thursday, with 300 additional volunteers. All the volunteer companies of Mobile have tendered their services, and are fast filling up their ranks. Gen. James Lang has left Mobile for Tuscaloosa, to get the Governor's proclamation, for the purpose of filling up the Brigades called for by Gen. Taylor.

The Mississippi Volunteers, and Bayou Sara boys for Major Mark's Brigade, are expected every hour.

#### PARK THEATRE.

THE celebrated Vocalist, Madame ROSINA PICO, for one night only.—Mr. BASS has the honour of announcing that his benefit is appointed for Wednesday Evening next, May 20th, on which occasion he is happy in announcing the assistance of Madame ROSINA PICO, together with many dramatic novelties which will be duly announced.

#### THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED

PART XXIII. OF

#### VIRTUE'S DEVOTIONAL FAMILY BIBLE,

THIS part is illustrated by a highly finished Steel Engraving of JOSHUA COMMANDS THE SUN TO STAND STILL, from a painting by M. A. Colin. Published by GEO. VIRTUE, My16-1t.\* (late R. Martin & Co.) 26 John Street.